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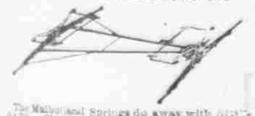

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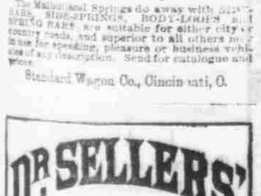

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A CHILD OF THE STREETS.

CHAPTER III.

Certainly Herne Bay was hardly to be recognised. A great inland wave from the outside world had transformed its quiet sea-washed shore into a fashionable promenade.

"Who is that creature in the crimson Jersey and Tam o' Shanter, with the Japanese umbrella?" drawled Mrs. Somerset East, looking up languidly from the depths of her sky-blue sun-bonnet at the dark-eyed personage stationed behind her basket-chair, who happened to be a foreign prince incog. for the season. He levelled his eye-glass in the direction of her ladyship's outstretched parasol.

"That's the Leopardi. How did you fail to recognize her? She is a fine creature," he incautiously admitted.

"Ye-e-es, but how vilely she dresses, like a *vicandiere*, and, do you know, *mon ami*, I really have been told on the best authority that the creature smokes—smokes! only fancy. Is it not revolting and horribly disgusting—so unwomanly, you know."

A laugh was his highness's safe and neutral reply. His private opinion was the "creature" looked deuced handsome, and so she did in her own loud *outre* fashion.

"Fleur de Marie is certainly pretty," admitted Mrs. Somerset East, raising her eyebrows, "but still I consider her *tant soit peu fade*, don't you know, white as marble and as cold, I hear. What a famous Galatea she would have made. By the way, I haven't seen her on the beach this morning. Ah, yes, there she comes. Who is that man walking by her side? Do you know him, Rene? He haunts her like a shadow. He doesn't look like one of her own set. Do you know him?" asked the fair critic, turning round and whispering.

"Yes; I met him at Lord Nockatown's in the spring. He's well known on the turf; did a big thing at Ascott last June, made quite a pot, I believe, on 'Tetrarch.' He goes by the name of Nick Newen."

"Is that Cuthbert Newen?" exclaimed Mrs. Somerset East, turning round to stare as only a pretty and well-born woman can do with impunity. "Ah, if how his father, grand as Lucifer. It's to be hoped his son is not thinking of marrying that pretty little prima donna; but of course he won't."

"They say she refused Sir Harry Lothair last season."

"Don't believe it," was the lady's prompt response. "I can't imagine how man can run after that sort of women, however pretty they may be. Just look at Newen—why, positively, he peers into her face in a way I would never allow, I know, and looks as if he would like to swallow each word that falls from her lips. Just see, they are moving away now. No, they are turning back this side—hush!" and Mrs. East raised her Chinese pagoda-like parasol, and lowered it over her eyes that she might stare through its broad fringe of lace at the Fleur de Marie, whom in her heart of hearts she envied, and whose costume and *coiffure* she invariably copied, although, as the young singer passed, she drew in her silken skirts and gathered them round her feet.

Yes, it was true, as the fashionable magpie had said, Newen had haunted her like her shadow ever since her arrival at the Dolphin a fortnight before.

He knew it, but he also felt that he had nevertheless advanced not one step nearer to her real self, in spite of his best efforts, in spite of walks and talks and excursions into the country, and moonlit converse on the pier, where the world gathered to enjoy the coolness of the night hours, to the sound of dream-like music, and stirring of plashing waves.

He was looking—nay, peering into her face, trying to read in her calm blue eyes the expression he had so earnestly tried to call forth, but in vain.

He only so far could flatter himself she was his friend, and that in a most aggravatingly frank fashion. Platonics are very unpalatable to a lover, and such, undoubtedly, was Newen.

Yes; from that first evening, that first look from eye to eye, he had felt she was his fate for weal or woe.

Now, however, he was not so sanguine.

Either this Fleur de Marie had already given her love to another, or else she was a most finished coquette, only feigning indifference to fan the flame of his passion. He would not own to himself that she might be every way free and yet refuse him. Such a thought hurt his pride. Anyhow, he was determined to put an end to the uncertainty on the first opportunity. He longed to throw himself at her feet.

"All the world seems here, and I know no one," said Fleur de Marie, turning her face towards the gay-colored moving mass, ebbing and flowing like a human tide on the sands below—for they were now standing on the promenade.

"Why, here is one of your friends coming down from the cliff," he replied, catching sight of Lorita, surrounded as usual by a body-guard, with whom she was laughing and talking noisily while she descended the slope, using her parasol as a walking stick.

"She is no friend of mine, Mr. Newen." There was no scorn or malice in the tone, only, perhaps, a shade of sadness, for which her cavalier could not account.

"Can you say as much for her companion, mademoiselle?"

The words had scarcely left his lips when he regretted his speech. "She will think me impertinent," he thought, and so she evidently did. He saw her sweet face flush from brow to chin at his words, then she turned to him and replied quietly:

"I shall cancel that remark of yours from my memory,. It's unworthy of you, Mr. Newen. Come, Miss Hurst, it is past one o'clock; the band has ceased playing, and it is hot. Let us go back to lunch."

There was nothing for Newen to do but to raise his hat and drop behind. As he did so, the Leopardi and her party passed the little group, looking back over her shoulder with a smile of unmistakable meaning, and a glance at Newen out of her bold black eyes which heightened her rival's color.

There were half-a-dozen men with this woman, but one walked by her side, carried her gloves and handkerchief, and seemed to engross all her attention.

Only this one did Fleur de Marie notice. His face was turned away, but she felt that he had seen her as he went by, and the bright flush faded from her cheeks, leaving her very pale.

Lorita Leopardi had been forced to own, although only to herself, that, on the stage, Fleur de Marie was as far above her as the still shining stars are above the passionate, restless sea; but off the stage she had her revenge, the sweetest to her because the bitterest to another—a royal revenge! Had she not stolen her rival's lover, so that now he was ready to do any mad thing for her sake or at her bidding?

And Lorita enjoyed this triumph as only coarse natures such as hers can.

But Lorita had little power of discrimination. It never occurred to her to suppose that Love, once pure and true, may scorch its wings in the fire of an unworthy worship, and fall to earth; and yet that love may rise to new life from the ashes of folly. She judged others, and the feelings of others, by her own standard.

Gabriel walked by her side silent and sullen.

Lazy as were his moods, and blunted as his sense of delicacy had been by his earlier career, he was conscious now of some shame for his cowardly avoidance of Fleur de Marie.

He had half a mind to go back and speak to her, for in his inmost heart, though perhaps he hardly knew it then, he still felt there was no woman in the world like his old love and girl-comrade, Mysie O'Farrell.

How beautiful she was, fair as a lily and as pure, and she cared for him—for him, debased, false, coarse, given up as he was to every vice that ever sent a man's soul to perdition. She cared for him—aye, even now, he knew he had only to go back and ask to be forgiven, and she would smile that soft, slow, wonderful smile, and grant him the token of forgiveness.

He had only to go back—but ah, that was the rub. The "onlys" are often as difficult to get over as death in this world. Only to go back—to bid good-bye to this black-browed beauty by his side, and yet he could not.

She held him in bondage, twisted him round her finger, piped her own tune to which he must dance perforce, kept him about her like any spaniel, to fetch and carry; now petted him, now neglected. Yes, held in bondage by the power of her beauty, such as it was.

He was no more to her than fifty others who carried her fan, "stood" her suppers, threw her bouquets, gave her gold, and yet when she would, she could cajole him into the belief that while she accepted gifts and gold from others, from him she took only love.

And Fleur de Marie, sweet Mysie O'Farrell, was all his own, as true as death, and as pure as angels. And yet—yet what?

One by one Lorita's followers had dropped away in despair of getting a word or a look, while Gabriel monopolized her attention. At the door of the Dolphin they came to a standstill. His rooms were at the Brunswick.

She looked at him, tapping her foot petulantly on the stone steps.

"If you want to lunch with me, can't you say so? But I don't think I want you. You are stupid and dull to-day, and why is it? You can be so brilliant when you choose. I like to be amused, so, as you have lost your tongue, go and buy me a new book, and be quick back, like a good boy—I like to read while I am eating. It's a case of double digestion. Go!"

"Then may I stay when I return?"

"Well, we'll see; depends on the book you bring. Mind, it must be chock full of fun. I like to be kept on the broad grin. Go on," and she playfully dealt him no gentle blow on the knuckles of his outstretched hand with her parasol.

"If you send me about my business when I do come back, I shall take the book with me, mind."

"All right, wait and see. We'll square matters when you bring the book. Don't be long," and she turned into the hotel.

CHAPTER IV.

Life in the busy little bay was like a fashionable scrap-book all through those memorable months of July and August—sketches, portraits, finished pictures, woodland scenes, "bits" of shore and boats, with a changing sky overhead, each page a contrast to the last.

Herne Bay was keeping carnival, only at the wrong time of the year.

In the shadow of the cliffs sits a woman, and at her feet lies a man with a sunburnt, handsome face that rests on folded hands and is upturned to hers with a look she could not help understanding, were not her eyes on the water instead of on him.

His elbows are sinking deeper into the shingle, and his six-feet long body is stretched at its length, as near to her chair as he dare approach.

He is thinking how pretty she is, and wondering what she sees in those endless waves to bring that wistful expression to her pretty eyes and that sudden quiver to the parted lips. And she—oh, sad to tell!—has for the moment forgotten his existence, which accounts for the start that recalls her to present company as he speaks.

"Have you quite made up your mind to go back to town to-morrow?" he asks, as a prelude to what he means to lead up to, a proposal.

"Yes, indeed," was the reply. "I have taken a very long holiday—nearly six weeks. Here we are in September. I must begin work again at once, or I shall be getting into Mr. Brevet's black books, not to speak of Signor Brunetti. I have much to do before the winter season commences."

There is a pause. He finds conversation an uphill affair to-day.

"Do you care for the life you lead? That sounds rather an impertinent question, but I hope we are friends enough to allow of something beyond conventionalities between us. I know most women would declare themselves more than content with your brilliant present and prospects, and, certainly, the career of a *prima donna* is enviable in a way; it must be paradise to a small material mind set on vanity in all its forms. But you are not like any other woman I have ever met. You are not vain, you are not a lover of luxuries, the worship which waits to make you its object does not turn your head. You can see London at your feet and yet remain calm."

"Oh, you do not know me, Captain Newen. I do heartily enjoy my success, and I do not think I could, of my own free will, abandon the career of a singer for anything under the sun," replies Fleur de Marie candidly, smiling down calmly into his upturned face in which there is so much for her eyes to read if she could.

"No," she repeats softly, as if some question within her had risen to confront her—"no, I do not think I could leave the stage now with my foot scarcely firm on the first step of fame's ladder, not for anything."

He draws himself up close to her chair and resting on his elbows, whispers almost inaudibly:

"Or for any one?"

But her quiet blue eyes are looking out dreamily over the sunlit sea, and her thoughts are as far away. So she answers in the same half-mechanical tones:

"Or anyone?"

She is thinking, perhaps, that the one for whom she would willingly make any sacrifice would never demand it even if he loved her, which he does not—at least not now.

A hand is laid gently on her own that lies in her lap.

She starts and draws back, flushing indignantly as she rises to her feet.

But something in the face of the man who had dared such a liberty arrests her steps.

"I was fool enough to flatter myself you would do as much for me. I would sacrifice wealth, position, everything in your service. Have I been willfully blind or have you wittingly deceived me? Am I a fool or are you a coquette, as cruel as cold?"

He springs to her side and seizes one of her hands almost rudely.

She is too utterly surprised to withdraw it.

"Tell me, swear to me by all that is holy that you knew not that I loved you!"

"You forget your manners, Captain Newen," is the cold reply, "but I shall answer your question, after which I hope you will detain me no longer. I was quite ignorant of the nature of your—your feelings towards me, or, believe me, it should sooner have put a stop to our constant companionship. Indeed, I am very, very grieved and sorry about it. You always were so frank and pleasant with me that I never doubted you were more or wished to be more, than a friend, and I am so disappointed. It always is so. I must not lose any friends, it seems, for I lose them all just when I am beginning to value them most."

She is standing with face averted, unconsciously tracing a name on the sand with her parasol.

He, too, is watching her, but without particular attention, being self-absorbed and blind for the moment to outside things.

Suddenly, as he absently follows her action with his eyes, he sees the word resolve itself into G A B R I, and then she, too, comes back to reality, and, remembering she is not alone, hurriedly obliterates those five foolish letters, and glances aside under her drooping lashes to make sure he has not guessed at the rest.

Their eyes meet.

"So that is my rival, Fleur de Marie?"

She does not answer, only looks down with heightened color at the place where those letters were traced.

"I am glad to know that you are not free," her companion resumes, after a long never-to-be-forgotten pause, "because I might have nourished possibly a secret hope of some different reception in a time to come. Now I can understand ——"

"But, indeed," interrupted Fleur de Marie, with crimson cheeks and trouble averted eyes, "I am—that is—I never said I was not free. I am quite unfettered by any engagement. Why should you suppose that I am bound to another—that you have a rival?"

"You did not contradict me just now, mademoiselle, when I pointed to those letters on the sand and said, 'That is my rival, Gabriel' I guessed it long ago, and then I ceased to think so, never seeing you together."

"I am not bound to Gabriel. I am nothing to him," she answered with a strange quiver in her voice.

"But is he nothing to you?"

She turns and faces him with angry eyes.

"What right have you—how dare you question me thus closely as to my feelings towards this or any other man? You are a gentleman, but sometimes I think you forget your part. I have given you your answer. Let us at least part friends, since part we must."

"Must we part! Oh, forgive me, Fleur de Marie, for my rudeness and impertinence. I was so sanguine of success. I have been living all these weeks past in a fool's paradise, and because you were kind, and always seemed so glad to see me, I flattered myself I had made myself something nearer and more necessary than a friend. Forgive me. My punishment is hard enough as it is. Be still my good angel, and let me stay within reach of your hand, within sound of your voice, for I love you, Marie, for I would rather have your friendship than the worship of another woman less perfect. I would ——"

"Hush! You must not talk so wildly. I am sorry, more sorry than you can tell, for all this that has happened. Your love kills a most pleasant friendship. Yes, do not interrupt me. I do not believe in platonics. You must go away—right away now."

"I will. I will throw myself off that cliff into the sea if you send me out of your sweet presence a banished man."

"Hush! you will go because you love me. You are a man of the world, and for my sake, you understand, you must not haunt me or follow my steps wherever I go. Besides, it would only make you more miserable if you did."

"You might learn to love me in the end."

"Love is not a lesson to be learned, I think. It is an inspiration, a fate; it comes unbidden, and abides forever."

"Unless it dies a violent death," puts in her companion, for some instinct tells him that is how it has been with her.

"Then the ghost haunts the heart it once gladdened, if the heart is not broken at its fall."

"Then you never will love me at any time, or under any circumstances what ever?" he asks anxiously.

"Sincerely speaking, I believe not. I have found your friendship most pleasant, and regret to say good bye."

"Then we will call it *au revoir*. Listen to me for one moment, Fleur de Marie. I shall not detain you long—I will leave you and go right away as you desire. I shall exchange into the Prince's Own, which is ordered out in November. I have friends and relations in India. I will join them, and make a home there. I shall not persecute you with letters, not one word till another year has passed over our heads. Then, if you will allow me, this time, this day, next September, I shall write once, my first and last letter to you, asking you again to be my wife, and you will kindly give me a final answer."

"Do not, I pray you. Why deceive yourself? I tell you my answer will be the same," she answers rather impatiently.

"Somehow I do not believe it. Maybe I am too sanguine. Anyhow, I shall write. Hope never nurs a man yet, and if you again refuse I shall have only myself to blame and you to respect. Farewell till we meet again, sweet Fleur de Marie. I have a strange presentiment we shall yet be man and wife. Stranger things have happened."

"None less likely."

"Ah well, I will not argue further. I feel we shall meet again. Farewell.—Think of me sometimes when your singing brings flowers to your feet. Remember, I am no fair-weather friend. I am waiting for you when the world has ceased to smile, and your so-called friends turn aside to worship at some fresh shrine. If you are in trouble, write to me; if you want a home, come to me. You do not believe in platonics, you say? but what I offer is not friendship, but love. Farewell."

There are tears in the blue eyes, sad trouble in the beautiful face, as she turns and stretches out both of her hands, unable to speak for sorrow that she has nothing to give, only a God-speed.

At last she says brokenly:

"Good-bye, friend. See, I believe in your friendship, because you have the courage to go. I will remember your words and if I am in trouble I will call you to my side. But my love—no, no, that I can never give you. See I will trust you. I will tell you," and she comes nearer to him, and whispers: "That name you saw just now half traced on the sand I have obliterated; but nothing, not even the wild vain tears I have shed, can wash those letters from my heart. It is true as you guessed; Gabriel is my best, my only beloved; the love I have for him is a part of my being. It was born when we sang together and starved together in the London streets, it has grown with my growth, and though its blossoms have been blighted by neglect, nothing can root it out from my heart. I am free, it is true. Gabriel is lost to me, I fear forever; but still I am bound, not by a promise, but by the force of my own feelings. The faculty for loving is dead in me, since another has robbed me of his object. I now live only to give voice to my sorrow in song. My life is like an unfinished story, the author of which died and left his work incomplete, or cared not to complete it. It is some consolation to sing, and thus give vent to—but I will not weary you. I have said enough. You see how it is. I am not able to love you. I have trusted you with my heart's secret; it will, I know, be sacred to you as your mother's name. Now, I shall send you away. I know of old what the pain of parting is when one loves. Why prolong it?"

He holds her little white hand, that is soft as a silken glove, for one moment in his own broad, brown palm, looking at it in loving wonder, then he touched the slight fingers with his lips, and left her with one long, long look, but never a word.

Up the narrow winding path he goes towards the town, slowly, with steps that drag wearily, and head bent down.

Once only, when he comes to the summit of the cliff, he turns and sees her, the woman who has just pronounced his ban of exile, standing as he left her, with her fair face seaward, leaning over the back of her twisted willow chair with its gay-colored cushions, while the fading sunlight falls on her dead-gold hair, and touches the rare-cut crystals at her neck.

"I fancy, somehow, she will yet be my wife. Stranger things have happened. It will not be for love, at least, not first love, and no second quality is worth much. But, ah, there are a thousand and one other motives which move a man or a woman to marriage. I will win her in spite of herself; but not now, not yet—in a year's time, maybe."

CHAPTER V.

A year had passed. The London season was at its zenith. That turn in the tide of fashion which brings the pleasure-boats back to town laden with loveliness, talent, and wealth, had set in with sunshine of the brightest. London lay basking lazily in the sweet air of June, with pleasure at her head, and poverty at her feet.

All the outlets of gaiety are thrown open. On one of the June evenings, perhaps the balmiest out of the thirty, the Opera House at Covent Garden was crowded from gallery to pit with an enthusiastic and expectant audience. The playbills, fluttering from hand to hand, announced a powerful caste for the performance of "Aida," with Signora Leopardi, Signor Gabriel, and Fleur de Marie in the title *role*.

The hum of voices grew still as by the spell of a raised finger; the sea of moving figures cease to sway to and fro; the orchestra was silent.

Presently the music broke forth once more, as if impatient of control, and the voice of a woman was borne on its swelling bosom, on waves of infinite sound, now rising, now falling, now pathetic, now passionate, till at last, dying away by degrees, it left upon the hearts of the hearers that burden of pleasurable pain which is so strange a sensation, and can only find expression in a quivering sigh.

The short interval of silence was followed by such a burst of applause as is not often heard. The public literally brought the house down with their vehement cries of "Fleur de Marie! Fleur de Marie!"

Never had her voice sounded so spiritual, and yet so sad. It was as if each note were a spoken tear.

She was, however, not listening to the roar of many voices, or the hurricane of clapping hands. She did not heed the flowers that fell at her sandaled feet. She felt as one walking in a dream. She only thought:

"What does it all avail, since he loves me no longer? What is fame to me, since I fail to look fair in his eyes? Oh, Gabriel, Gabriel, one hedgerow wild blossom thrown by your hand at this moment would mean more to me than the costliest and rarest of these exotics, which are cast, after all, to my voice, and not to me."

She knew where he was, and how he was looking at her as one looks at the Venus de Medici or any other famous bit of beauty, critically and casually. She saw all this from under her drooping eyelids, as she stood enduring the world's applause. He was leaning against a side scene, whispering and laughing with the Leopardi, with passion in his dusky eyes, and a rose between his teeth. He was toying idly with it as he had trifled with her. Presently he would cast it aside, withered and bruised.

This woman, her rival, had won him in the lottery of life as one wins a gold heap at a game of cards. Therein lay her triumph.

Fleur de Marie passed out, followed by men in the opera's livery, laden with the flowers the world had given her. Cries arose of "Leopardi! Gabriel!" "Gabriel Leopardi!" He led her on the stage, bowing right and left.

"He shares his success with her and not with me," cried Fleur de Marie, as she closed the door of her dressing-room and threw herself into a chair, while fan and flowers dropped to the ground.

"I see how it is! He loves me no longer. It is useless—nay, it is breaking my heart to go on like this. There is no hope for me now, because she has won him. How cruel she is! Could she not be content with half London at her feet? She does not care for anyone save herself—and I have only this one to love. I will go right away! I cannot endure to see him daily, to sing with him nightly, and be no more to him than the dancing-girl in the ballet. I will go right away. All this fretting will injure my voice, and then I shall starve. I cannot see another, and one so unworthy, spoil Gabriel's life, blight his fame, as she will, assuredly she will. How cruel she is! but oh, I wish Gabriel might come back to me as in those dear old days. What has fame given me after all? Only a heartache and a few flowers;" and with these thoughts Mysie O'Farrell gathered her wraps about her, and swept down the steps to her brougham, which was waiting in the midst of a crowd to bear her to her home.

* * * * * * *

The afternoon was drawing to a close. It was barely four o'clock, but the streets were dark, and the lamps were lighted. At one of the lower front windows of a house in Warrington-crescent sat a woman in a black silk dress, with a face most disconsolate.

Certainly the outlook was dreary, and the room in which she found herself was weird with the flickering, fitful firelight. She rose from her seat behind the curtain, when the sounds of singing in the street arrested her attention—she drew up the blind and peered out into the street. She only saw a dirty, gaily-dressed pair of beggars standing by the pavement, both little Savoyards, brown and handsome. Their vocalisation was so atrocious that the listener mechanically put her finger to her ear and winced—but still she remained where she stood, for something in the sight of those two ragged, screaming children recalled old days to her. She opened the window and cast out a handful of coppers to them.

The boy crossed the street, hat in hand, and the girl helped him to gather them up, bowing and gesticulating their thanks to the giver. Then the watcher saw them put their dusky heads together, and count their earnings with smiling faces.

"Ah, how happy they are! dirty, despised, homeless, often penniless, but how happy! Just as I was once."

She drew down the blind once more. As she did so the servant entered, bearing a salver covered with a pile of letters.

Poor little Mysie O'Farrell! Less than five years ago she was only a stray street singer, and now each post brought petitions from half the opera directors in Europe and America, begging her to give them if only a couple of nights, with promises of fabulous remuneration.

She now took up the heap of letters wearily. Suddenly she started, as her eyes fell on a bold, untidy handwriting, scrawled across a foreign envelope, which bore the post-mark "Bombay."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "he has not forgotten. I fancied he would. But no; this is the very day, September 20th, he said he would write."

She opened the letter, and hurriedly read its contents; it was not long, but characteristic.

"HOTEL BOMBAY, August 18—

"I have waited patiently and in silence, through the year. Now, I ask you once more and for the last time, for I would not weary a woman: Will you be my wife? I love you better than myself; I prize your happiness more than my own. I never have seen any one at all like you before. If you decide to put your hand in mine, and trust your heart to my keeping, I shall try and deserve the confidence. I know I have come too late to win your first love, but I believe you care for me. If you are unhappy, if fame fails to satisfy you, if you have any affection for me, come. I am ready to receive you, under any consideration. I have a home out here fit for a princess, but if the climate does not suit your health, you shall return to, and reside in England. I only ask you to be my wife. All the rest will follow. I love you enough for two, and I know I can make you happy. Of course you would quit the stage.

"CUTHBERT NEWEN."

"What a strange letter," thought Mysie with a laugh, "more like a business transaction than a proposal. What shall be my reply? Shall I answer it in person? Shall I quit the stage while yet I am popular, and go out to India and marry this man? Have I strength sufficient to stifle ambition? Should I be happy, or, at least, content as his wife? If I could only be sure! I long to get away out of Gabriel's presence. I cannot bear to see him always by the side of that woman. Perhaps, if I were absent from him, if I never saw his face or heard his voice, I might forget him. He never will love me again, that I know. I will have a long think over it all"—and an hour passed. At last she drew her writing-table towards her, and wrote as follows:

"20 WARRINGTON-CRESCENT, Maida Vale.

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN NEWEN,—I received your letter. As you know well, I have little to offer you in the way of romantic love, but I feel a most sincere regard for you, and I take pleasure in your society. If you think I can make you happy with this affection, I am ready to marry you any time after the coming Christmas, and to leave the stage. Believe me, yours very sincerely,

"MYSIE O'FARRELL."

When this note was addressed and sealed, the writer paused for a moment, and then, once more dipping her pen into the ink, began:

"MY DEAR MR. BREVET,—You have always been such a true friend to me that I feel you ought to be the first to hear of my final decision. You advised me some time ago to leave the stage for awhile, and to go away for a change. You know I was fretting, and fret, sure it would injure my voice. Well, I am going away to India, and I am leaving the stage—only not for a while, but altogether. I have promised to marry Captain Cuthbert Newen. Thanking you once more for all your great goodness to me, I remain, I hope always, your grateful friend,

"MYSIE O'FARRELL."

As she finished this letter she glanced thoughtfully at the open sheet before her.

"How strange that the whole course of a life can be changed by a dozen strokes of the pen," she thought. "If I tear up these papers I still shall remain Mysie Fleur de Marie—if I put them into the post, a few months more will make me Mrs. Newen."

And she did put them into the post, with her own hands, on the following day.

When the next season came round the world wondered what had become of their favorite, Fleur de Marie, till the fame of her beauty, as the wife of Cuthbert Newen, came over the sea with a batch of rare Anglo-Indian gossip. Then society heard she had settled down in Calcutta, where she reigned like a queen, with her court around her.

So Fleur de Marie faded out of men's memory as some dream is forgotten in the hurry and glare of noon, and as the years went by her fame alone survived oblivion.

[To be Continued.]

"Knickknacks."

A lady living in the country near a public highway relates the following incident, for the truth of which she vouches: An emigrant wagon came along one day and stopped in front of the house. It was a sorry-looking turnout, consisting of a rickety old covered wagon drawn by a lame horse and a bony, old, blind mule. A woman wearing a faded calico dress and a man's straw hat was driving. She reined her team up under a tree in front of the house and came up to the porch on which I was sitting.

"How de do?" she said, with a marked twang.

"Good day," I replied.

"You the madam here?"

"I am the lady of the house."

"Awful hot, aint it?"

"Yes, it is. It must be very warm travelling."

"It's fairly bilin'. I stopped to ask a little favor."

"Indeed," I replied, "I shall be glad to oblide you if I can."

"Thanker, mom. Well, you see, my man's sick out yander in the wagon."

"What is the matter with him?" I asked.

"Oh, I dunno. He's jest natchel

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - JANUARY 29, 1886.

UP TO the adjournment of the House on Friday last, five thousand eight hundred bills had been introduced in both branches of Congress. In this mountain of chaff how many grains of wheat will be found?

THE decoration of the Order of Christ which the Pope recently sent to Bismarck, the German Chancellor, is described as a finely worked cross several inches long, with a large pure diamond in the centre and smaller diamonds radiating from it.

"OLD Allen G. Thurman," says the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, "decided against the rich coal mine owners of Ohio in favor of the miners, and not a man charges him with being a demagogue or with catering to the workingmen. And old Allen G. Thurman's immunity from suspicion comes from the fact that an undeviating devotion to honesty, justice and right has placed him above suspicion."

WHEN a Republican newspaper refers to John A. Logan as "the greatest man Illinois ever sent to take part in the national councils," its editor seems not to have known that Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglass, Lyman Trumbull and David Davis all served in Congress from that State, and that the three last named were leading and distinguished members of the Senate of the United States. Compared with either of these four Illinois Congressmen Logan sinks into conspicuous insignificance.

OF Ireland, the Queen in her speech at the opening of Parliament, which was written by Lord Salisbury, her Tory Prime Minister, said: "I have seen with deep sorrow the renewal, since I last addressed you, of the attempt to excite the people of Ireland to hostility against the legislative union between that country and Great Britain. I am resolutely opposed to any disturbance of that fundamental law, and in resisting it I am convinced that I shall be heartily supported by my Parliament and my people." None of the milk of human kindness runs in her veins—not a word of sympathy for poor, oppressed Ireland escapes her lips, but on the contrary her coercive policy proclaims that "vengeance is mine and I will repay."

IT isn't a matter of any imporiance now what Mahone thinks of the future politics of Virginia or of anywhere else. He has sufficiently recovered, however, from his crushing defeat in November to stand upon his legs once more and predict that Virginia is as certain to cast her electoral vote in the next Presidential contest for the Republican candidate as any one of the Northern Republican States, and that the Old Dominion can be counted on by at least twenty thousand majority. This is somewhat cheeky even for Mahone, when it is remembered that he claimed the election of Wise, his candidate for Governor, over Fitzhugh Lee by the same twenty thousand, and was only mistaken thirty-six thousand, since Lee's majority was about sixteen thousand. Mahone had better quit playing the political prophet, or if he will stubbornly insist on discounting the future, let him go or and accept the fate of that prophetess of old whose penalty it was never to be believed.

A MOST humiliating and disgraceful scene occurred in the lower branch of the New York Legislature at the close of the session on last Wednesday week. The moment the Speaker declared the House adjourned, the Chief Clerk in stentorian voice made the following proclamation: "I have a package of passes here for the members of the House, who will please come up and get them." He then proceeded to call out the members names and while most of the old members who were dumbfounded at the strange spectacle remained in their seats, the new members made a rush for the Clerk's desk, and each one proudly and exultingly took his free pass over one of the leading railroads in the State whose President had generously furnished them to the Clerk. This free pass distribution is done differently, we believe, in this State, the handy documents being mailed to the members elect before they start for Harrisburg, which enables them to ride free, and then at the end of the session charge the State mileage at the rate of twenty cents per mile going to and returning from the State Capital. It is susceptible of proof amounting to a demonstration, that the furnishing of free passes to the members of the Legislature of this State prolongs every session at least thirty days, and therefore costs the tax payers not less than one hundred thousand dollars.

THE Commission consisting of certain members of the Senate and House of this State, appointed at the session of the Legislature last year to compute and publish the returns of the election for State Treasurer, met in the Senate Chamber at Harrisburg, on last Wednesday week. The time occupied in discharging their duties was but a few hours, as the whole work was done by three clerks chosen by the Commission. Governor Pattison acted as President of the Commission and the committee on expenses made a report allowing pay to each member, ranging from $52.35 to Altmon, of Jefferson county, to $30.54 to Eckles, of Cumberland county.—Gov. Pattison, who was allowed $30, refused to accept a single penny, and so did Crawford, of Philadelphia, while Senator Kennedy, of the same city, took only $15 of the $36.46 allotted to him. Each of the three clerks was paid $25. This is one of the ways of swindling the State Treasury and is simply a repetition of what was done by a similar commission two years ago. We would like to see the items composing the different sums allowed the Commission. Only give a member of the Legislature the chance, and if he don't make a nice thing out of it, he has entirely forgotten his education at Harrisburg and holds established precedents in utter contempt.

THE Republican majority in the lower branch of the Ohio Legislature having successfully gone through the performance of summarily ejecting nine Democratic members from Hamilton county and installing their nine defeated Republican opponents in their stead, and all this without any investigation into the question of fraud at the election, the Republican *minority* in the Senate of that State are now trying by the foulest methods that ever disgraced a deliberative body, to turn out of their seats the *four* Democratic Senators from Cincinnati and swear in the four defeated Republican candidates. The Senate stands twenty Democrats to seventeen Republicans, a Democratic majority of three. If four Democrats could be kicked out by the passage of a mere resolution to that effect, as the Republican minority with the aid and assistance of the Republican Lieutenant Governor have been trying to do for several days, the Senate would then stand 21 Republicans to 16 Democrats. The four Democrats are occupying their seats by virtue of regular certificates of election. Their places are contested by four Republicans, and at the beginning of the session, three weeks ago, the whole matter was referred to the proper committee in conformity with practice and precedent. The Democrats invite and demand a full, fair investigation, and the four Democratic Senators from Cincinnati are especially emphatic in their declaration that they do not want their seats, if it shall be found that they were not honestly elected. The Republicans want to take the matter out of the hands of the committee, and the heretofore unheard of ruling of the Lieutenant Governor that 17 members, two less than a quorum of 37, which is 19, can dispose of the job, has caused the twenty Democrats to withdraw from the Senate and leave the 17 Republican members powerless to do a single legislative act. If the Lieutenant Governor of Ohio can accomplish his base, partisan purpose, popular elections are a miserable cheat, worse than a farce.—He can't do it, however, for the Constitution of Ohio and the rules of the Senate of that State, like those of every other State, plainly and emphatically forbid the consummation of the outrage. In the meantime Ohio is without a legal Senate and will continue in that condition until a little common sense is injected into the mulish head of her Lieutenant Governor, or a compromise is effected by which the right to the four disputed seats can be fairly and legally disposed of.

IN another column we publish a speech delivered by Governor Pattison to a large meeting of farmers and business men at Lock Haven on yesterday week. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Farmer's Institute of Clinton county. What Gov. Pattison says in this address is substantially a repetition in very emphatic language of what he has said to the Legislature in his annual messages. Gov. Pattison believes that the men who framed the New Constitution and the people who adopted it by a majority of 150,000, meant that it should be promptly and rigidly enforced. The Governor believes primarily and especially, and has always so maintained, that the Seventeenth Article of the Constitution in relation to railroads and their duties to the public, should be enforced by appropriate legislation, and it is to that important question toat he mainly confines himself in his address. His language is strong and exceptionally vigorous because he feels earnestly the vast public importance of the subject matter he discusses. It is twelve years since the New Constitution went into effect, and yet to this day the Seventeenth Article is practically a dead letter. It will remain in that morbid condition indefinitely, unless the people breathe life into it by sending men to the Legislature who can neither be bought with money nor awed by threats from the performance of a plain duty.

WHEN a man is charged with a criminal offense it is little less than a confession of guilt if he refuses to face a trial, and attempts through his counsel to quash the indictment on a mere technical plea. This was done in the Dauphin County Court last week by Dr. Buttermore, an ex-member of the Legislature from Fayette county, who was indicted along with two others for attempting to defraud the State out of $12,500, the amount appropriated by the Legislature at the session of 1883 through the efforts of Dr. Buttermore, to erect a miners' hospital at Connellsville. It is charged that when Dr. Buttermore and his co-defendants got the money out of the State treasury they committed a fraud upon the Commonwealth. Whether they did so or not we don't pretend to determine, but the case looked bad from the beginning, and Dr. Buttermore has only made it appear worse through his counsel's unsuccessful attempt to quash the indictment on a technicality. When the case comes up again in April we trust that Dr. Buttermore, who has hitherto borne a good character will be able to explain the matter to the entire satisfaction of the Court and jury.

THE times are out of joint when John F. Hartranft is not the incumbent of an office. Nearly twenty years ago he became Auditor General, and remained continuously in office until a short time ago, when President Cleveland suspended him as Collector of the Port of Philadelphia and appointed a Democrat to take his place. It was thought that this would close Hartranft's career as an office holder, but it didn't, for one day last week the Republicans in the United States Senate, apparently believing that the country couldn't get along without Hartranft in office, passed a bill making him a Director of the National Soldiers' Home to fill the vacancy caused by the death of General McClellan. It now turns out, however, that the action of the Senate was premature and of no effect, since it has been discovered that the law prohibits more than one citizen of the same state from serving on the board, of which that windy Congressman, General Negley, of Pittsburg, is already one of the Directors. The only obstacle that now stands between Hartranft and another tug at the public teat is the fact that a Democrat has possession of the White House.

THE EVIL OF MONOPOLY.

Governor Pattison Speaks to the Farmers on Railroad Discrimination.

LOCK HAVEN, January, 21.

Governor Pattison spoke on the evils of railroad discrimination in this city to-night before the Farmers' Institute. After dwelling at some length upon the importance of the subject the Governor said:

Discrimination benefits the few at the expense of the many; it enriches organized capital and large producers to the impoverishment of private capital and small producers; it fosters corporate speculation to the destruction of individual enterprise; it builds up great fortunes in a few and reduces to the ranks of dependent laborers masses of men that would otherwise enjoy the fruits of their industry in enterprises of their own. One need not travel outside of Pennsylvania to find illustrations for all these evils. Pennsylvania has been an especial sufferer from all these injuries. Railroad discrimination built up and established the Standard Oil monopoly, by which a source of natural wealth, illimitable and marvelous, was entirely deflected from our State.—Thousands of citizens were bankrupted and individual enterprise was driven from the oil regions. But for discrimination the Standard Oil Company would not be in existence to-day. We shall estimate the widespread evil this single creature of discrimination has caused. Not alone has it taken the oil industry from Pennsylvania and private enterprise, but it has taxed the consumers of the country for its benefit, has debauched legislatures, has corrupted the avenues of justice, has mocked the law, and is stretching out its arms in every direction to monopolize other sources of wealth and means of supply. Discrimination has made Philadelphia, once the grat commercial city of the Union and still with the highest manfacturing resources, little more than a mere annex to New York. Those great beds of anthracite coal which seem to have been reserved to make Philadelphia one of the chief industrial and manufacturing marts of the world, have, through discrimination, been made to burden her citizens and retard her development.

Discrimination has built up here and there throughout the State and country, along the lines of railroads, populous towns that are the seats of enormous iron, steel and other works, that have enriched their owners and interested railroad officials, but have peopled those cities with a mass of dependent laborers who live from hand to mouth, who are thrown out of work at the will of their employers, and who can hope for nothing but the merest necessaries of life in their existing social condition. Railroad discrimination has given the New Republic a line of princely railroad nabobs and lords of the soil with fortunes that outrank royalty and domains of virgin soil that exceed in area a German State. But it has given us, too, in little more than a generation, a mass of restless, discontented laborers, often eating the bread of idleness and clamoring for concessions from a few great employers. It has reduced the number of owners of farms until it is a million less than the tenant farmers, and everywhere it has tended to centralize wealth and increase the ranks of dependent labor. It may be said that many of these evils resulted from other causes than discrimination and that it alone should not be charged with faults that are the outgrowth of many causes. This, however, is taking but a superficial view of the subject. My position is that had railroad corporations acted as the just public trustees, which in law they are, and not as private business enterprises managed by selfish speculators—had they used their franchises fairly, justly and impartially—had they confined themselves to their duties as common carriers—had they obeyed the laws and not corrupted legislatures, judges and Executives to enable them to defy the laws—the greater part of the evils that I have enumerated would not now exist.

It is unnecessary, however, at this day to prove that discrimination is an evil That it is admitted by everyone but those who profit by it. The question is as to what is the proper remedy. The number of those who defend or excuse it is so small as to be unworthy of consideration. The times are ripe for redress and correction. But what will work the redress—what will correct the evil? There are those who say that the true remedy is more railroads. Competition, they say, will put a stop to monopoly; therefore give us more railroads. This argument, applied to railroad injustice, has recently in this State been put to a severe test. In the hope that by the application of this doctrine Pennsylvania might get some relief from the monopoly of her great trunk line and its combined injustice, I was induced in 1883 to sign the bills which made possible the construction of the South Pennsylvania railroad, which it was said would give our citizens another Western and seaboard outlet. A partial result of the experiment is known to the world to-day. The people of our southern tier of counties particularly have learned a bitter dissappointment—the hollowness of the promises of organized capital to redress the wrongs of another organized capital. The South Pennsylvania railroad is to-day claimed as the property of the corporation of which it was projected to be a rival. Against law and justice, in the face of plighted faith and popular protest, an effort was made to sell it out in order to strengthen and establish the power for evil of the vast corporation that had so far proved itself stronger than the courts or the Executive, Constitutions or the people. It will soon be ascertained whether its lawless supremacy is to be perpetual. The opinions of the Dauphin County Court recently filed in the railroad cases are full of encouragement to the people if they do but appreciate them.

I am convinced, after long reflection, that there is only one sure remedy for the people of Pennsylvania, and that is to enforce the laws of the State by penal statutes. It must be made a crime, punishable by the imprisonment for railroad officials to break the law. Since all other efforts have failed I am now for trying the efficacy of the prison law. There is no trouble at all about the laws so far as they declare the duties of the people and the railroads. The seventeenth article of the Constitution needs no addition or amendment. It is sufficient in all its parts to correct every evil of railroads from which the people now suffer, if it be enforced. It is just, true, lawful. It is legally and equitably sound in every member. It simply needs honest legislators to pass the laws to enforce it, and pure judges to interpret those laws. Let the next Legislature simply pass a statute making it a penal offense, punishable with imprisonment, to violate the provisions of the seventeenth article, and let a jury of honest men pass upon the fact whether that article has been violated under the instruction of unsubsidized judges, and from that day we will have law-obedient railroad corporations in Pennsylvania. It is useless to listen to the sophistry of paid railroad attorneys, either in the Legislature or out of it, about the difficulty of drafting a penal statue based upon the seventeenth article. There is scarcely a section of that article that is not sufficiently descriptive for a penal statute.

Leave it to a jury to say whether the South Pennsylvania and Pennsylvania railroads were parallel and competing lines, and twelve honest men would convict the conspirators who concocted the "sell out" without leaving the box, and an upright judge would send them to the penitentiary before court adjourned. What difficulty is there about a jury finding whether a pass given to a legislator or judge, and for which he gives no tangible return, is a free pass or not? Where is the trouble of a jury finding whether mining coal is the business of common carrying? And so all of the sections of the seventeenth article. Merely attach the penal clause to each of them, and leave the rest to a jury and an honest Court. At least let us try this just for a while. Honest men, honest railroad officials, would not fear such laws; and as for dishonest ones, we simply want that there shall be some laws they will fear.

THE MAN WHO NEVER BLUSHED.

Senator John Sherman, when addressing the Ohio Legislature the other day, was kind enough to speak well of the New York election laws as safeguards against fraudulent voting. He held up the New York system as an example for Ohio to imitate. The purity of the ballot, he thinks, is not sufficiently protected in Ohio:

"The time has arrived when both political parties should address themselves to this question, and prevent fraudulent voting—For myself, I could never see in State affairs that politics should be brought into play. It is different with great national questions. In State affairs you should be patriotic, regardless of political affiliations, and regard this question from the same standpoint. It is apparent that there ought to be a general revision of the election laws. The purity of the ballot is dependent upon single districts and small voting precincts. The occurrences which have happened recently should convince men of all political opinions that a radical change should be made."

This plea for honest voting, for the purity of the ballot, for additional safeguards against fraud in elections, sounds strange enough from the lips of the statesman who was the chief promoter in Louisiana of the fraud by which the vote of that State was stolen ten years ago, and who received as his pay tne office of Secretary of the Treasury. But Sherman did not blush.

Then the unblushing statesman went on to compliment the man whom he helped to defraud:

"I invite your attention to the example set by the great State of New York. In that State, in 1868, great frauds were perpetrated by a man whose name will be repudiated by any party—Boss Tweed. Then it was that men of both political parties went to work and reformed their election laws. If it had not been done civil war would have been inevitable. Men of both parties resolved upon reformation, and it resulted in the best election law in the world. In the dispute, last fall, over the election, they awaited the official vote, and the matter was ended. One of the most distinguished men to bring about this reform was Samuel J. Tilden, and I am glad to speak of it here."

At this point the Ohio legislators burst into applause. Perhaps it was the name of Tilden that provoked the demonstration. Perhaps it was the statement that elections are purer in New York than in Ohio or Louisiana, for example. Perhaps it was the consummate audacity which enabled John Sherman to keep his blood in his heels while awakening memories shameful enough to have made a cucumber turn crimson. He never blushed.

Did any man or woman living ever see the color of conscious guilt come into John Sherman's cheeks.—*N. Y. Sun*, 20th.

St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York.

NEW YORK, Jan. 13, 1886.

I wandered into St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth avenue, the grandest church edifice in America, just at twilight the other day. A brace of men were engaged in changing a block of granite from the quarry condition to the symmetrical proportions requisite to niche into one of the tall, graceful pillars of the nave, and the scene was indeed a wierd one. The massive edifice is constructed of white marble, and is free from heaviness or over-ornamentation. The interior is as fine as the exterior of the great edifice, the ceiling being seventy seven feet from the floor. The building is lighted by seventy windows, thirty-seven of which are memorial windows made in France, costing $100,000. The total cost of the Cathedral up the present time has been a little over $2,000,000, and it is estimated that half a million more will be necessary to complete it. The exterior of the church is yet to be richly ornamented with statues, and two towers are to be built at the Fifth avenue front.—They will be 328 feet from the ground, each bearing an immense cross. That purest specimen of Gothic architecture in the United States, Trinity church, on lower Broadway, with its stately and beautiful proportions, built of rich brown stone from base to summit of spire, had always been the grandest edifice visited in the New World by tourist and critical traveler, but St. Patrick's Cathedral will ultimately be the personification of grandeur when the two tall spires are surmounting the great auditorium.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three boxes of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well."

Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box by E James.

—A pound of bananas, it is said, contains more nutriment than three pounds of meat or many pounds of potatoes, while as a food it is, in every sense, superior to the best wheaten bread. Although it grows spontaneously throughout the tropics, when cultivated its yield is prodigious, for an acre of ground planted with bananas will return as much food material as thirty-three acres of wheat, or over one hundred acres of potatoes.

ANY man or woman making less than $40 weekly should try our easy money-making business. We want agents for our celebrated Madame Dean Spinal Supporting Corsets; also, our Spinal Supporter, Shoulder Brace, and Abdominal Protector Combined (for Men and Boys). No experience required. Four orders per day give the Agent $150 monthly. Our Agents report four to twenty sales daily. $5 outfit free. Send at once for full particulars. State sex. LEWIS SCHIELE & CO., 390 Broadway, N. Y.

—There are complaints of shipments of poisoned oranges from Florida. The oranges were frozen on the trees during the last cold snap, and externally appear to be wholesome, but they blister the tongue and lips, and are injurious to the mucous membrane. Several seizures have been made in New York, and treated with carbolic acid, to prevent its being eaten by street urchins who infest the docks.

THOUSANDS OF ABLE MEN FAIL IN LIFE for purely physical reasons. They are not torpid but their liver is, and the liver blocks the way. They are bilious, yellow skinned, headachy and miserable, all because that great gland declines to do its work. The medicine that can restore to this organ its natural power will add one hundred per cent. to the available force of this world. We know of but one thing able to do this—Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

—Miss Octavis Nash, of Logansville, Ga., was, on Tuesday, married to Dr. A. D. Revier, of Lawrenceville, who had a faster horse and got five minutes start of John Jackson, to whom she was engaged to be married at the same hour, and who arrived with his marriage license only a few minutes after the ceremony.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. For sale by E. James.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—For early loss of physical power, a sure cure is found in Hunt's Remedy. Never fails.

—At Lake Nyassa, Africa, a strong young man can be bought for 40 yards of white cotton cloth, a young woman for 56 yards and a young mother for 36 yards. An old man can be had for four yards.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla, being highly concentrated, requires smaller doses, and is more effective, than any other blood medicine. It is the cheapest, because the best. Quality and not quantity should be considered.

—"The ladies especially go into ecstacies over Parker's Hair Balsam," writes Mr. J. Decker, druggist, of Findlay, Ohio. "They say it is the most elegant dressing they ever used." Stops falling hair, restores color, promotes growth.

—The largest dog in the country is said to be a St. Bernard, owned at Glen Cove, L. I. He measures 7 feet 11 inches from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail, stands 25 inches high, weighs 192 pounds, and has never been vaccinated.

—Captain Clark, of the British bark, Stanfield, which arrived at Philadelphia from Java a few days ago, brought with him several monkeys, one of which is a very intelligent animal, and, among its other accomplishments, can drink gin with evident relish.

—A big petition was presented to the Portland, Me., city government last week against permitting skating rinks. It was charged that two elopements, two family estrangements and 23 cases of immorality were directly traceable to these institutions in Portland.

—Bread in Persia sells for 1 cent a sheet, about as thick as sole-leather and as large as an apron. It is baked on the floor of the oven in a few minutes, and is then spread out to cool. It is sweet and wholesome, and with fruit and vegetables, forms the chief article of food for a great part of the people.

—Seven brothers named Arnold, all insane have been taken to the asylum at Jacksonville, Ill. About three years ago a stranger visited their home, and after convincing them that in a short time they could largely increase their wealth, induced them to invest their all in what proved to be a mythical silver mine in Nevada. When they learned that they had been imposed upon their minds gave way, the disease finally assuming a violent form of insanity.

—Jonathan Kendall, a resident of Kane, Pa., aged 68 years, and who has in his time shot 3,600 deer and 375 bears, was frightfully hugged by an immense she-bear, whose cubs he had killed, in the woods near his home a few days since. He fainted, and the bear left him for dead. He was subsequently hugged by the male companion of the first bear, and rolled with bruin over an embankment, which resulted in his release with two broken ribs and in the death of the bear.

—The Misses Drexel, the three daughters of the late Francis A. Drexel, the Philadelphia banker, completed the purchase Tuesday of a tract of land comprising 200 acres near Bristol, Bucks county, upon which they will establish an industrial home and school for orphan boys. It was purchased by the young ladies from the late Benjamin G. Mann's estate for $40 000. The erection of suitable buildings will be begun at once. The institution will be placed under instructorial direction of the Roman Catholic Order of Christian Brothers.

—A panther for a long time baffled all the hunters in Raubin county, Ga. The other night George Greenleaf and wife were walking home from Clayton when the beast attacked them. Greenleaf got out his knife. The panther sprang on him precisely the same moment that Mrs. G. did the same thing. The knife thrust intended for the brute took effect in Mrs. G.'s arm. The man dropped the knife and grappled with the panther, which had forced him off his feet. Seeing the emergency the woman picked up the knife and killed the beast with one stab in the neck.

—A New Jersey man has been arrested for selling artificial hen eggs. He admitted that the eggs were artificial, and were manufactured by a firm in Newark. The shells were of a clear, transparent composition, and the shape was perfectly modeled. The portion surrounding the yoke was made of albumen and the yoke itself of ground carrot and saffron. The eggs were tested and found to scramble well, but when boiled they are easily detected, as the yoke and surrounding white portion do not harden separately as in real eggs.

—One evening during the recent snow storm Dr. Kane, residing near Christiana, had a turkey gobbler, which, when last seen was roosting on the corn crib. After the storm the doctor looked everywhere for the missing gobbler but failed to find him. Eight days elapsed when the doctor heard him gobble, and shortly after the missing bird emerged from a snow drift about three feet deep, considerably emaciated but still alive, having been under the snow for eight days. He was given some food and at present is the monarch of the barn yard.

—Michael Browloski, of Cleveland, O., and his family, consisting of his wife and six children, were taken sick a few days ago from eating raw pork which was strongly impregnated with trichinæ. Medicines were administered, and yesterday the family had so far recovered that they were thought to be out of danger, when they again partook of the diseased pork, and Browloski and his wife are now lying at the point of death. The physician says he proposed throwing the meat away yesterday, when the Bohemians set up a terrible clatter and strennuously objected to any such proceeding.

Stone in the Kidney

Expelled After Using Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" Two Weeks.

One of the most remarkable cases that has ever been brought to the notice of the public is that of Mr. J. S. Beach, of Stone Ridge, Ulster county, N. Y. Mr. Beach had suffered since Oct. 18, 1874, from the presence of Calculus or Stone in the right Kidney. No less than seven physicians were employed at different times, to whom Mr. Beach paid hundreds of dollars for medical treatment, with only temporary relief from his agony.

By the urgent solicitations of his friends he was induced to try Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy," and experienced a marked improvement from the first day he began to use the medicine. On the 16th of September he voided a stone as large as could be passed through the natural channel.

Mr. Beach concludes a long letter to Dr. Kennedy by saying: "It will always afford me pleasure to recommend the 'Favorite Remedy' to those who may be suffering from difficulties of the Kidneys and Bladder, or any disorders arising from an impure state of the blood.

Wm. McKnew, 124 Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., says: "I believe 'Favorite Remedy' is a good medicine. It is doing me more good than anything I ever tried, and I have tried almost everything, for I am a sufferer from dyspepsia." While "Favorite Remedy" is a specific in Stomach and Bladder diseases, it is equally valuable in cases of billious disorders, Constipation of the Bowels and all the class of ills apparently inseparable from the constitutions of women. Price, $1; six bottles, $5.

LADIES!

With **Hanover's Taylor System** you can cut Dresses to fit, without oral instructions. Dressmakers pronounce it perfect. Price for **System Book and Double Tracing Wheel, $6.50.**

TO INTRODUCE

A System Book and Wheel will be sent on receipt of **$1.00.** Address

JOHN C. HANOVER, Cincinnati, O.

VIRGINIA FARMS FOR SALE.

500 farms, 50 to 10,000 acres at $3 to $200 per acre. Good markets. Healthy climate. Favorable prospects. Write for circulars containing descriptions. Sent Free. PYLE & DeHAVEN, REAL ESTATE AGENTS, Petersburg, Va.

From Pole to Pole

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has demonstrated its power of cure for all diseases of the blood.

The Harpooner's Story.

New Bedford, June 1, 1883.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.—Twenty years ago I was a harpooner in the North Pacific, when five others of the crew and myself were laid up with scurvy. Our bodies were bloated, gums swollen and bleeding, teeth loose, purple blotches all over us, and our breath seemed rotten. Take it by and large we were pretty badly off. All our lime-juice was accidentally destroyed, but the captain had a couple dozen bottles of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA and gave us that. We recovered on it quicker than I have ever seen men brought about by any other treatment for scurvy, and I've seen a good deal of it. Seeing no mention in your Almanac of your Sarsaparilla being good for scurvy, I thought you ought to know of this, and so send you the facts.

Respectfully yours, RALPH Y. WINGATE.

The Trooper's Experience.

Mareen, Bainsland (S. Africa,) March 7, 1885.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.—Gentlemen: I have much pleasure to testify to the great value of your Sarsaparilla. We have been stationed here for over two years, during which time we had to live in tents. Being under canvas for such a time brought on what is called in this country "veldt-sores." I had those sores for some time. I was advised to take your Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made my sores disappear rapidly, and I am now quite well.

Yours truly, T. K. BOHEN,
Trooper, Cape Mounted Riflemen.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only thoroughly effective blood-purifier, the only medicine that eradicates the poisons of Scrofula, Mercury, and Contagious Disease from the system.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; six bottles for $5.

THE GREAT REGULATOR

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

—PURELY VEGETABLE.—

—ARE YOU— **BILIOUS?**

The Regulator never fails to cure. I have cheerfully recommended it to all who suffer from Billous Attacks, or any Disease caused by a disordered state of the Liver. W. B. BERNARD, Kansas City, Mo.

DO YOU WANT GOOD **DIGESTION?**

I suffered intensely with **Full Stomach, Headache,** etc. A neighbor who had taken Simmons Liver Regulator, told me it was a sure cure for my trouble. The first dose I took relieved me very much, and in one week's time I was as strong as ever. I feel it is the best medicine I ever took for Dyspepsia.
H. GREENSHAW, Rushville, Va.

DO YOU Suffer from **CONSTIPATION?**

Testimony of HIRAM WARNER, Chief-Justice of Ga.: "I have used Simmons Liver Regulator for Constipation of my Bowels, caused by a temporary Derangement of the Liver, for the last three or four years, and always with decided benefit."

SAFER AND BETTER THAN CALOMEL!

I have been subject to severe spells of Congestion of the Liver, and have been in the habit of taking from 15 to 20 grains of calomel, which generally laid me up for three or four days. Lately I have been taking Simmons Liver Regulator, which gave me relief, **without any interruption to business.**
J. HUGG, Middleport, Ohio.

ONLY GENUINE!
MANUFACTURED BY
J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.
PRICE, $1.00.

STEIN'S SAFETY STOCKING SUPPORTER

NO MORE BLOOD-STRANGLING GARTERS.

RECOMMENDED BY ALL THE LEADING PHYSICIANS.

Children's, 1 to 5 years,	85c. a pair.
ditto, two attachments,	10c. "
Misses' " "	13c. "
Ladies' " "	15c. "
Misses', with a belt,	25c. "
Ladies', " "	25c.
Stocking, Abdominal, and Caterasinal Bandage Supporter combined,	50c. "
Health Skirt Supporter,	25c. "
Brighton Gent's Garter,	15c. "

FOR SALE BY
ALL FIRST-CLASS STORES.
Samples sent post-paid to any address upon receipt of price in 3-cent stamps.
LEWIS STEIN,
Sole Owner and Manufacturer,
178 Centre Street, New York.

PLAID SHAWL GIVEN AWAY!

Through the failure of a large manufacturer of Cashmere Patent Fringe Shawls, there has come into our hands a large consignment of Plaid Shawls, perfect goods, which we propose to present to the ladies in the following manner. Send us 25 cents for **6 mos.** subscription to **Farm and Household,** a large 32 page illustrated paper, devoted to Farm and Household topics, Stories and general miscellany, and we will send you one of these beautiful shawls FREE by mail postpaid, or we will send 4 shawls and 4 subscriptions to one address for $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Address

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD, Box 63, Hartford, Conn.

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A new House every 16 days in the last 6 years. Our village, only 32 months old, has 8 stores, 2 hotels, 2 churches, school, newspaper, factory, foundry, 4 steamboats, 2 trains and 2 mails daily. Land rapidly advancing. Send, send, send **by all means,** send for circulars with 4 maps, 20 Photographic cuts of houses, all about the wonderful growth of our colony, its healthy climate, markets, business opportunities, health, prices, terms, and 96 other distinct subjects. Farms for $200 on monthly installments to those having employment, without leaving their situation. Address **J. F. MANCHA,** Claremont, Surry Co., Va.

TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE PROTECTION MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CAMBRIA COUNTY for the year ending Dec. 31, 1885:

Am't insured December 31, 1885,		$1,705,828.82
Am't insured during the year,	$45,219.00	
Deduct am't expired during year,	268,274.00	
Deduct am't surrendered and canceled,	57,698.00	$ 325,969.00
Am't insured Dec. 31, 1885,		$1,725,078.82
Am't notes in force Dec. 31, 1884,	$ 160,275.58	
Am't premium notes received during year,	33,043.00	$ 193,318.58
Deduct am't expired during year,	25,555.00	
Deduct am't surrendered and canceled,	6,642.00	$ 32,197.00
Am't prem. notes in force Dec. 31, '85,		$161,121.58

Number policies issued during year, 295
Number policies in force Dec. 31, 1885, 2,062

CASH ACCOUNT—RECEIPTS.

Am't on hand at last settlement,	$2,120.61
Cash for new insurance,	1,177.41
Balance assessment, No. 8,	1,469.42—$4,767.47

EXPENDITURES—LOSSES PAID.

J. A. McCormick,	$ 500.00
Joseph Gutwald,	1,222.00
James Myers,	27.50
John Lloyd & Sons,	37.50
Henry Ebel,	500.00
Mary R. Morgan,	8.00
Michael Ryan,	3.00
Joseph Hopfer,	62.05
Michael Cronauer,	17.74
W. W. Harris (partial pay'm't,	1,000.00

OTHER EXPENSES.

Comm'n on balance assessm't,	73.47
Secretary's fees,	147.50
Treasurer's salary,	50.00
Rent,	40.00
Agent's commission,	219.73
From's ret'd, policies canceled,	90.72
Printing, postage, stationery, expressage, etc.,	149.78
Exoneration assessm't No. 8,	137.08
Compensation Ex. Committee,	25.00
Expenses adjusting losses, etc.,	23.50
Balance on hand,	208.90—$4,767.47
Prem. notes in force Dec. 31, 1885,	$161,121.58

LOSSES ADJUSTED NOT PAID

W. W. Harris (balance),	$ 500.00
Poor Directors Cambria County,	1,100.00
Total,	$1,600.00

THE foregoing account audited, found correct, and approved this 8th day of January, A. D. 1886.

JOHN J. EVANS,
JOHN LLOYD,
D. J. T. ROBERTS, } Ex. Committee.

Jan. 15, 1886.—7t.

THE NEW AND ELEGANT —HIGH ARM— "JENNIE JUNE" SEWING MACHINE IS THE BEST. BUY NO OTHER.

The LADIES' FAVORITE, because it is LIGHT RUNNING and does such beautiful work. Agents' Favorite, because it is a quick and easy seller.

AGENTS WANTED IN UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

JUNE MANUFACTURING CO.
Cor. La Salle Avenue and Ontario Street,
CHICAGO, ILL.

THE PHILADELPHIA WEEKLY TIMES

Attractive, Entertaining and Instructive. The Family Journal of America.

Stories of the War
ILLUSTRATED IN EVERY ISSUE

A Paper for the Home of the Land—Sparkling and Original in Every Feature.

THIS month a new departure in every feature of the WEEKLY TIMES will be inaugurated. The number will be literally illustrated in its War contributions, which have no longer been a specialty in its columns, and in addition to which will be greatly enhanced from the pens of the best writers, and in current History, Biography, Politics, Art, Science and the leading topics of the day.

The time has passed for the weekly journal of the city to fill the place of a newspaper. The daily newspaper from the cities, centres of news now receives it by every collision on the land. Every inland city and every town of importance have their daily newspapers, and the local weekly, with the wonderful progress in periodical journalism, meets every want that the daily newspaper fails to supply. The metropolitan weekly of to-day must be more than the mere newspaper; it must lead the magazine in popular literature; it must lead it in popular illustration, and it must meet every requirement of the intelligent reader on every chase.

STORIES OF THE WAR

Will be published in each number from the ablest writers who participated in the bloody drama of civil strife, and each will be profusely illustrated. The most entertaining and instructive Stories from the best writers of fiction will appear in each issue, with illustrations.

TERMS.—Sold by all news agents at Five Cents per Copy. By mail $2 per year, or $1 for six months. Clubs of ten, $15 and one extra copy to the getter up. Specimen copies free.

Address, THE TIMES,
Times Building, Phila.

The NEW YORK Sun.

The

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - - JAN. 29, 1886.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—For fine groceries go to the Sugar Bowl.

—Trade dollars are now worth only seventy-five cents.

—Dwelling houses for rent are scarce in Ebensburg.

—For the best flour in the market go to the Sugar Bowl.

—The livery horse will not be sorry when the snow goes.

—The report of the County Auditors will be published next week.

—For fresh oysters and all kinds of canned goods go to the Sugar Bowl.

—The St. Cloud Hotel, Philadelphia, was destroyed by fire on Monday night.

—Miss Cora B. Scoby has been appointed stenographer of the Centre county courts.

—A Centre county man owns a gander which has reached the venerable age of 23 years.

—Hunt's Remedy is purely vegetable, and is made expressly for all diseases of the kidneys.

—Ex-Sheriff Jonh Ryan and wife, of Johnstown, lost an infant son, Thomas Francis, from croup on Monday last.

—A Clearfield county farmer owns a hog that weighs 1,600 pounds, and he don't think it is quite fat enough to butcher yet.

—The Johnstown assessors charged one hundred dollars apiece for their work, and one gentleman wants one hundred and fifteen.

—Quite an extensive wreck occurred at East Conemaugh on Tuesday last. Several cars were smashed up. No person was injured.

—A Bucks county farmer is the possessor of a calf which has two heads. The animal is in a thriving condition, and eats with both mouths.

—Mr. Lemuel Davis has purchased a livery stable in Kane, McKean county, and contemplates removing his family to that thriving town in the near future.

—Henry Warner, colored, aged 60, was killed by a train on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, at Calverton, on Tuesday night. He was the father of thirty three children.

—Mr. D. G. Myers, of this place, has purchased the farm of Mr. Joseph Trexler, at Ashland, on the Cresson & Coalport road, and contemplates laying it all out in corner lots.

—Miss Mamie Jones, daughter of Mr. Wm. M. Jones, formerly of this place, was married in Allegheny City, on Wednesday of last week, to a gentleman by the name of Harlow.

—Mr. Joseph Brown, of the livery firm of Brown & Kimball, of this place, has bought out the interest of Mr. Edward Kimball, and in the future will conduct the business himself.

—The Clarion *Democrat* has been considerably enlarged and is printed with new type. This is gratifying evidence of the prosperity of the *Democrat* which it richly deserves.

—A party from Greensburg visited this place on Wednesday last, for the purpose of looking out a location for a brewery. Whether he found a place to suit him or not we failed to learn.

—A party of young ladies from Gallitzin came hither in sleighs on Saturday last and took dinner at the Blair House. After seeing the sights of our quiet but attractive town, they departed for home the same day.

—A handsome new covered sleigh has been placed on the road between this place and Carrolltown, by Mr. P. F. Brown, the proprietor of the hack line, and passengers can now travel entirely sheltered from the storms.

—On Tuesday last Martin Flaherty, a laborer who had been employed on the Cresson and Coalport railroad, and had left with the intention of going to Lloydsville, was struck by Fast Line at Kittanning Point and instantly killed.

—Messrs. Dufton & Son have just received at their hardware store in this place, a lot of goods that they purchased at auction, and they will give their customers some rare bargains in that line of goods. Call and see for yourselves.

—The assessments for Cambria county for the present year foot up $6,412,253.00, without counting Allegheny township and Loretto borough. Those two districts have not been revised by the Commissioners and are not footed up yet.

—On Wednesday of last week Mrs. Walters, widow of Mr. George Walters, lately deceased, of White township, died at her home of heart disease. She was eighty years of age, and her husband had died just twenty days previous.

—Letters await the following named persons at the Ebensburg postoffice: Mrs. Mary Davis (west), Miss Daisy Lloyd, Miss Maggie Adams, Simon Weakland, Mr. Matt Carney, Mr. Howard W. Davis, Mr. Adem Rose, Davis Bracken.

—Ayer's Pills cure constipation, improve the appetite, promote digestion, restore healthy action, and regulate every function. They are pleasant to take, gentle in their operation, yet thorough, searching, and powerful in subduing disease.

—Women are everywhere using and recommending Parker's Tonic because they have learned from experience that it speedily overcomes despondency, indigestion, pain or weakness in the back or kidneys, and other troubles peculiar to the sex.

—Court convened on Monday afternoon, says the Somerset *Herald*, with Judge Johnston, of Cambria county, presiding. Court-house crave, prompt and firm, Judge Johnston is winning golden encomiums from members of the bar, jurors and suitors.

—Mr. William C. Shields, of Saltsburg, Indiana county, on Tuesday last purchased the store room and dwelling house from Mr. M. L. Oatman, of this place, and also his entire stock of goods, and will hereafter conduct a general store at that well known stand.

—The pupils of the Ebensburg High School took a sleigh ride to Johnstown on Saturday last, leaving this place about 8 A. M. and returning about midnight. They visited the Cambria Iron works and the Gautier steel works and were highly pleased with their trip.

—We know of a young editor who lives not a thousand miles from this place who is likely to be afflicted with paralysis of the heart. This, we are told, will surely be the result, if the person to whom he presented his $16 toilet set does not come to his rescue at once.

—The Jones Brothers, of Boston, dealers in granite, have placed us under obligations for a neat and attractive calendar for the ensuing year. The Jones Bros. are one of Boston's most enterprising business firms, and people about here are glad to hear of their prosperity.

—Dr. Davidson, of Strongstown, Indiana county, and Dr. Zimmerman, of this place, are negotiating for the purchase by the former of the latter's drug store and practice in this place. The sale has not as yet been consummated but we understand is in a fair way of being so.

TWO BIG REDUCTIONS IN TWO BIG BRANCHES.

BLANKETS.

In January we take our inventory of stock, and in order to clear up stocks we will now offer some Great Bargains in Blankets. Our regular $3 Blanket at $1.98; our $5 Blanket at $4.121-2; our $3.50 Blanket at $2.75, and so on through the stock. Come and save money.

WM. F. GABLE & CO.,
1402 ELEVENTH AVENUE, ALTOONA.

LADIES' COATS.

Newmarkets and Russian Circulars at $5, $6 and $8.50. Fine Broche Cloth Coats at $8; worth $12. Plush Coats with Real Seal Loops and Fine Satin Quilted Lining at $15; worth $22. Children's Coats at Reduced Prices. Every garment we are offering is a Bargain.

WM. F. GABLE & CO.,
1402 ELEVENTH AVENUE, ALTOONA.

—Business houses in Ebensburg are in demand. A gentlemen from Armstrong county came here on Tuesday last for the purpose buying out Mr. M. Oatman, but arrived too late, Mr. Sheilds and Mr. Oatman having closed the bargain and sale a few hours before his arrival.

—Mr. Richard L. Davis, at his Boot and Shoe store on Julian street, is constantly receiving new and fashionable goods in his line. In order to make room for new goods, he will, for a short time, dispose of a lot of misses' and children's shoes at cost. Call early and secure bargains.

—The Ebensburg & Cressson branch was again snowed up on Saturday morning last. The crew started on their regular trip at 7:05 A. M., but stuck this side of Bradley. The gravel train ran up to this place on Sunday, opening the road, and the train is now making its regular trips.

—Jesse H. Miller, a Bedford county man, who served a term of four months in the county jail in this place on the charge of forgery, was released last Tuesday week. He was immediately re-arrested and taken to Bedford and jailed to await trial on another charge of forgery.

—On Monday last the Democrats of Altoona nominated the following ticket: For Mayor, S. J. Breth; for City Treasurer, W. C. Leet; for School Directors, L. B. Reifsneider and W. S. Douglass. The ticket is said to be a strong one, and no doubts are entertained of its election.

—A sleighing party from Summerhill stopped at the Mountain House, in this place, on Tuesday evening, and as the party had brought their own Music, it required but a short time until they were chasing the glowing hours with flying feet, and kept it up until some time in the morning.

—One day last week Josiah Grambling, of Adams township, this county, was hauling logs when one of his horses got a foot fastened between two roots. Mr. Grambling procured an axe to cut away the roots and while thus engaged made a misstroke and cut the horse's foot nearly off. The animal had to be killed.

—There is a curious warm spot on the farm of David Kemerer, near Davidsville, Somerset county. In the morning there is seen a smoke-like vapor rising from the ground, and all day there is a constant draught of warm air rising from the place. The snow is melted away for a rod in every direction from the place, and grass and green weeds are seen instead.

—A great many people are taking advantage of the good sleighing and during the past week there has not been a day in which several parties were not visiting this place. It is also a fact worth noticing that a great many visitors go daily to John Owens' store on High street to purchase their dry goods, dress goods, boots and shoes, groceries and provisions, where they get them at the lowest prices.

—The strike of the Hungarian coke workers at Mt. Pleasant and at several other points in that vicinity still continues, with occasional riotus conduct, and not infrequently personal assaults upon individuals who are obnoxious to the strikers. Father Lambing, a well known Catholic priest, is exerting himself to the utmost to bring about a compromise between the Hungarians and their employers, with, as is reported a fair prospect of success.

—A young lady named Miss Riser and her escort, Mr. Marshall, were members of a skating party on the Youghiogheny river, near Dawson, last Wednesday week. Miss Riser, while skating alone, fell into an air hole. Her cries brought Mr. Marshall to the rescue, but the ice also broke under him and though he seized her and made valiant efforts to escape, the ice kept breaking under their combined weight until he was exhausted, when both were swept under the ice by the strong current.

—Thomas Bingham died in Harrisburg, on Sunday last, aged 75 years. He was one of several brothers who, after the old Portage Railroad was completed, established a transportation line between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, which was abandoned when the State sold the canal to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Mr. Bingham attended to the business of the firm at Hollidaysburg and was well known here. In 1861 he went to Harrisburg and from that time until his death was Superintendent of Adams Express Company in that city. He was a man of the highest character and had hosts of friends.

—The Tyrone correspondent of the Altoona *Times* says that ten anonymous letters to married women were dropped into the postoffice in that place on Sunday last, and asks, "Is there no way to put a stop to this disgraceful and demoralizing procedure?" There is a plain and very simple remedy. Let all the married women in Tyrone refuse to lift all letters addressed to them bearing the Tyrone postoffice stamp, and the blackguards who are addressing letters to them will stop the business, but as long as the women take the letters out of the office the dirty work will go on. Let them try this plan and they will see how nicely it will work.

—The House Committee on Pensions on Monday last added an amendment to the Mexican Pension bill, introduced into the House by Mr. Woolford, and directed the report of the bill to the House. As agreed upon in committee the bill authorizes the Secretary of the Interior to place upon the pension rolls, at the rate of $8 per month, the names of all surviving officers, soldiers, and sailors who served in the Mexican war for any period during the years 1845, 1846, 1847 and 1848, or their surviving widows. Secondary evidence of an honorable discharge may be received in case of the loss of the official document, or the proof of receipt of a land warrant lawfully procured shall be sufficient evidence of an honorable discharge. No soldier whose political disabilities have not been removed shall be entitled to the benefits of the act.

—William Bolsinger, an aged citizen of Johnstown, died last week at the residence of his son, Perry C. Bolsinger, in that place. The deceased was born in Fayette county, in 1808, and passed the early years of his life there. He learned the carpentering trade and followed that occupation until 1853, when he was appointed wood inspector on the old Portage Railroad, between Johnstown and Hollidaysburg, with residence at the former place. He moved to Illinois in 1863, but returned to Johnstown in 1866, and was employed by the Cambria Iron Company until 1884, when failing health compelled him to retire from the active duties of life. Since then he and his aged wife made their home with the family of their son Perry. His wife, four sons and one daughter survive him. The sons are Perry C., of Johnstown; Benjamin, of Altoona; George, of Minneola, and Jesse, of this place.

—On Monday last at the shaft of Messrs. Taylor & McCoy, about half a mile from Gallitzin, while two young men named Matthew Hauser and Jacob Ganns were engaged in mining coal and were in a room together, they were suddenly, without warning, crushed by a fall of coal. They were mining under the coal, and Ganns had just reached back for a pick, when the mass of coal fell, catching Hauser entirely under it and partially catching Ganns, who succeeded in getting out and giving the alarm to the other miners, who hurried to the scene and quickly released Hauser, who was lying on one side with his head crushed in, and just about expiring. His body was taken to his boarding house. Mine Inspecor Evans, of Johnstown, was notified of the accident, and visited the mine, and he attributes it entirely to carelessness, the two men having been warned about an hour previous to its occurrence of the danger of their method of mining. Hauser was about twenty years of age, a German by birth, and a hard-working man, though somewhat careless and reckless in his work.

Death of Ex-Judge R. J. Lloyd.

Ex-Associate Judge Rees J. Lloyd died at his residence in this place, on Saturday afternoon last. The deceased was born in this place on the 23d of July, 1820, in the same house in which he died, and was at the time of his death in the 66th year of his age. He lived in this place during his entire life, with the exception of seven years, when he resided on his farm in Cambria township, about two miles from town. He was esteemed and respected by the entire community, and was well known throughout the county, having, during his lifetime, filled several public positions with credit and fidelity. Deceased was elected Treasurer of Cambria county in 1851 and served during the years 1852-3, and also filled the position of Deputy Sheriff under Sheriff Durbin during a period of two years, after which, in 1857, he was elected County Auditor, serving one term. Some time during the Administration of President Johnson Mr. Lloyd was appointed postmaster at this place and served until the expiration of Mr. Johnson's term. In 1871 he was elected Associate Judge, which position he occupied for a term of five years. He was kind, genial and social in his disposition, honest in his dealings, and was a good husband and a kind parent. He leaves a wife and seven children, three sons and four daughters, to mourn his loss. The only married daughter is the wife of Mr. Milton Brown, of this place.

Judge Harry White Arrested.

The bitter and unseemly controversy which has been going on for several months at Indiana, before a Commissioner appointed by the Court, between Judge Harry White and his brother, A. M. White, in regard to the validity of the will of their mother, the widow of the late Judge Thos. White, culminated on yesterday week by the arrest of Judge Harry White for forgery on the information of Thomas White, a son of A. M. White. The information charges Judge White with altering, changing and falsifying a certain paper on file in the Orphan's Court of Indiana county. Judge White appeared before the Justice and demanded a preliminary hearing, which was granted, and the time fixed for to morrow. We know nothing about the facts in the case and therefore express no opinion. The controversy throughout is a most disgraceful one to all the parties engaged in it, and with the exercise of ordinary prudence and discretion could easily have been avoided. At least that is our opinion.

Extensive Improvements.

Mr. George P. Seng, proprietor of the Franklin House, on Seventeenth street, Altoona, has made extensive changes and improvements in that popular hostlerie since he took charge of it. He first put every part of the house in first-class order, insuring the comfort of his guests, and now he has just erected in the rear of the hotel a fine large stable, in which twenty-four horses can be provided with comfortable quarters. Hucksters and farmers will find at this excellent hotel every convenience they could wish for. Parties taking loaded wagons to the Franklin House need not unload them at night, as there is a large closed up yard to drive into. Mr. Seng's facilities should result in making his hostlerie very popular with farmers and hucksters, to whom he offers special rates, as follows: Supper, lodging and breakfast, and hay for two horses, for the small sum of $1.00; dinner, 35 cts. Our readers should bear this in mind.

From Mountain Dale.

EDITOR FREEMAN: As the correspondence from this place seems to be very limited I thought I would write you a letter. The sleighing is splendid, and the people are improving the time; that is those who have horses and sleighs. Times are brightening up a little in our village. There are three mines running, making good time, and giving employment to a good many men. For some reason one of the mines is idle. It is rumored that it is about to change owners, but as for that I cannot say. Our village was enlivened on Friday last by the appearance of a strolling band of gypsies and four bears. They claimed to be Turks, but I think they were nothing but Canadian Indians. They said they they were going to California, and beg their living where they go. There has been no one married here lately, but there are some would like to be; if they had the means to get the license, but they are stuck there. More anon.

A READER.

Father of Diseases.

Constipation has been called the father of diseases, therefore it should not be regarded as a trifling ailment. It is quite as necessary to remove impure accumulations from the bowels as it is to eat or sleep, and no health can be expected where a costive habit of body prevails. Take a half tablespoonful of Simmons Liver Regulator after each meal, the bowels will be gently moved without griping or nausea as naturally as if no medicine had been taken. Regularity in taking the medicine daily will soon effect a permanent cure.

BY ACCIDENT a man swallows a poison. How frightened he is. How the home antidotes are sent down after it, and in what glowing terms the messenger hurries along the doctor. Yet hosts of excellent people are slowly dying of poisonous elements in their blood. The liver should have removed these, but it is weak and diseased, and so fails of its duty. Do you understand this fact? If so you will be glad to learn that Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cures liver complaint.

FROM GLASGOW.

Items Furnished By One Who Knows How to Prepare Them.

GLASGOW, January 26, 1886.

DEAR FREEMAN: The "king blizzard" which struck us about two weeks ago so indelibly impressed itself upon our memory that it will not soon fade from our fond recollection.

Our public highways were blockaded by huge drifts of snow whose culminating peaks towered high above the fence-tops.

Travel was suspended. Egress or ingress by any means was impossible for a few days, and we were an effectually snowbound people.

To add to the gloominess of the winter scene, the thermometer fell away down to 22°, while the hyperian blasts sent their merciless messenger into the homes of the distressed, painting the sorrowful picture of desolation in its superlative shades.

But now a more cheerful aspect rules. Our thoroughfares are open. Sleds line the roads; while the merry sleigh bells add a feature of merriment and throw a pleasing and joyful air over the late chilling winter scene.

Cholers invaded the ranks of Mr. Kuhn's swine and claimed a couple of them as its victims.

We are pleased to note the fact that Mr. Wm. Troxell, who lives near here, is able to be about again. His smiling countenance was visible on our streets the other day.

Mrs. Fry is also recovering from her protracted siege of sickness.

Candidates for municipal honors at the coming spring election are budding.

A lady of this town is cultivating a miniature crop of corn. This is a little out of season for that crop, but, nevertheless, it is in a thrifty condition, and if Jack Frost don't get his work in, there promises to be a prolific yield.

An auction is now in full blast in this place. The goods belong to Mr. Wm. David, of Jonesville, while Mr. Wm. Smith is the man who performs the duty of crier with much grace and exactness.

A band of Turks, about twelve in number, with four bears, encamped near this place an last Sunday. Quite a large crowd visited them at their encampment. They were a terribly filthy and woe-begone looking set; while they are brazen enough to face a northeastern storm and never wink.

Quite an interesting and largely attended revival meeting is now being held in the Lutheran church at this place. Rev. Kreidler, minister in charge, is noted for his pulpit eloquence, as well as practical discourse. He is a gentleman in all that the name implies, and is greatly respected and esteemed by all.

The district institute held near this place at the No. 2. school house on last Saturday was a complete successs in every respect. The attendance, the interest and the exercises were all that could be desired. The occasion was enlivened with vocal and instrumental music.

Reade township has at least one chronic anti progressive school man. This man(?) sallies out when occasion offers to educational meetings. There you will find him "bobbing up serenely" with his old fogy ideas of when he was a boy. He imagines that these meetings are just the place for him to get a "whet," as he terms it, to ventilate the corroded cobwebs of ignorance, which mystify and becloud his vision of improvement. This "brake" on improvement is a mars (and he is of a fiery color) in the planetary world of ignorance. Some years ago he was playing the part of a superintendent in a Sabbath school, and, as a matter of course, knotty points of theology were made clear as mud. Definitions were given, &c. On one occason he gave the Sabbath school, composed mostly of small pupils, the following definition for order: "Order is the fundamental mass of the Eternal Deity." "Oh my!" The little folks sighed, and the adults shuddered at this terrible monstrosity of human intelligence; but they never digested, for it remaineth where it lodged to this day. X.

Hemlock Items.

Carl, a son of Mr. Joshua Aurandt, of Lilly, met with a very severe accident in the mines of W. H. Piper & Co. on Thursday of last week. A quantity of rock and slate fell upon him, breaking the large bone of the leg near the ankle, besides injuring the joint; so that he is likely to be permanently crippled. Carl is a bright boy about fifteen years of age, and in his misfortune has the sympathy of all.

Mrs. Margaret Bamrick is seriously ill; she is suffering from congestion of the lungs.

Mr. George Brant, the genial and popular proprietor of the Rush House, left on Sunday last for Philadelphia. He goes to Will's eye hospital to have an operation performed on his eyes, which have been very sore for several years.

The sleighing is excellent, and lots of parties are on the roads; however no foreign property has found its way into our midst since—well, since we won't say when.

C.

An Important Discovery.

The most important Discovery is that which brings the most good to the greatest number. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds, will preserve the health and save life, and is a priceless boon to the afflicted. Not only does it positively cure Consumption, but Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hoarseness, and all affections of the Throat, Chest, and Lungs, yield at once to its wonderful curative powers. If you doubt this, get a Trial Bottle Free, at E. James' Drug store.

MRS. BAKER, widow of Mr. William Baker, deceased, died at her home in Carroll township, on Wednesday morning of last week, aged about 84 years. Deceased was a true Christian, and before her death received all the consolations of the Catholic Church, of which she was a devoted member. Her remains were interred at Carrolltown on Friday. May she rest in peace.

PAIN AND DREAD attend the use of most catarrh remedies. Liquids and snuffs are unpleasant as well as dangerous. Ely's Cream Balm is safe, pleasant, and easily applied with the finger, and a sure cure. It cleanses the nasal passages and heals the inflamed membrane giving relief from the first application. 50c.

I was a great sufferer from catarrh. My nostrils were sensitive to dust; at times the blood would run, and at times I could hardly breathe. I used Ely's Cream balm. Today I am a living witness of its efficacy.—Peter Bruce, Farmer, Ithaca, N. Y.

FITS—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia.

—The sleighing is going.

ROBBERY AT SOMERSET.

A Former Resident of this Place a Heavy Loser.

The ticket office of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company at Somerset was entered on Monday night or Tuesday morning by burglars, who succeeded in gaining an entrance by forcing the lock on a side door to the office.

They drilled two holes throught the door of the safe into the lock, and inserted sufficient powder to blow off the door, when they had access to the contents, consisting of railroad tickets, papers, &c. They then rifled two large trunks, one of them belonging to Mr. Thomas C. Shoemaker, of this place, who had left it there the evening previous, intending to take it with him on the train the next morning; he having settled up the business of the Messrs. T. & P. Collins at that place, and was removing to Mahanoy, Schuylkill county, where they have a railroad contract to complete. From his trunk the burglars took a new suit of clothes, a large gold ring with a black set mounted with the letter "S", a diamond shirt stud worth about $200, and a collection of odd and rare coins that Mr. Shoemaker had gathered up, worth about fifty dollars. The other trunk belonged to a Baltimore shoe drummer, and contained a collection of sample shoes, to which the burglars helped themselves liberally. They then secured a hand car and came to within about thirteen miles of Johnstown, where they threw it over the embankment, and went to a house near by and wanted to get in to warm up, but were refused admittance. There were three men in the party at the house.

Constables Waters and Varner, of Johnstown, received the news of the robbery by telegraph, and started in that direction on the lookout for them. When about four miles from Johnstown they passed three men riding on a farmer's sled. They stopped the sled, when one of the men pulled a revolver and the officer did the same, but before either of them fired one of the other two shot at Mr. Varner, the ball striking him on the arm. Officers Varner and Waters grappled with one of the burglars and secured him, while the other two made off. They brought their prisoner to Johnstown, where he was recognized as a notorious tramp known as "Shenandoah Red." Officer Varner's wound is a severe one, though not dangerous, the bone having been slightly injured.

P. S. Since the above was put in type we have learned that three more of the burglars were captured on Tuesday night, in a barn near South Fork, by an officer from Altoona and Mr. Jack Watkins, of Johnstown. Part of the plunder was recovered.

AN ACT

To Punish Defaulting Tax Collectors.

SEC. 1. That if any person charged with the collection, safe-keeping, or transfer of any State, county, township, school, city, borough or municipal taxes, under any law or laws of this Commonwealth, shall convert or appropriate the moneys so collected, or any part thereof, to his own use in any way whatever, or shall use by way of investment in any kind of property or merchandise any portion of the money so collected by him from such tax or taxes, and shall prove a defaulter or fail to pay over the same or any part thereof at the time or times, place or places, required by law, and to the person or persons legally authorized to demand or receive the same, every such act shall be deemed and adjudged an embezzlement of so much of said money as shall be thus taken, converted, appropriated, embezzled, invested, used, or unaccounted for, which is hereby declared a misdemeanor, and every person or persons whatsoever aiding, or abetting, or being in any way accessory to such act, and being thereof convicted, shall be sentenced to an imprisonment not exceeding five years, or to pay a fine not exceeding five thousand dollars, or both, at the discretion of the Court.

Approved by the Governor 3d day of June A. D., 1885. ROBERT E. PATTISON.

A Valuable New Book.

The book buyer, in these days of books without number, finds the closest discrimination necessary if he would make profitable purchases. Much that is written is utterly worthless. More is flat, stale and unprofitable. Among the heaps of rubbish that come every week to the critics for review, however, a few are deserving of lasting praise, and that can be heartily recommended on account of their intrinsic value. The best representative of this select class of literature it has been our pleasure to review for a long time, is a book entitled "Wealth by the Wayside, or Secrets of Success." Its author, Mrs. D. C. Haight, of Oswego, has done a vast amount of painstaking work in selecting the best that has been written on the subjects the book covers, and has presented it to the reader in a remarkably clear style. The work of winnowing is complete, and the man who has but little time for reading may find the best in the most compact and intelligible shape. A wide range of subjects are treated in short essays of about the right length to be read at one sitting. Life and death, man, childhood, youth and manhood, woman, love, home life, boys, associates, sowing wild oats, society, beauty, business, success, and a hundred other topics of like nature are taken up. Many of these treatises are from obscure writers, but are none the less valuable for that. The book fills a unique place in the world of letters, and would be a valuable gift to a friend.

Agents wanted in every district in Cambria and adjoining counties. Parties who will canvass closely will be given choice of territory and special rates. Address A. D. Criste, Munster, Cambria county, Pa.

No Boon That Science Has Conferred

Has been fraught with greater blessings than that which has accrued to the inhabitants of malaria ridden portions of the United States and the Tropics from the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The experience of many years has but too clearly demonstated the inefficiency of quinine and other drugs to effectually combat the progress of intermittent, congestive and bilious remittent fevers, while on the other hand, it has been no less clearly shown that the use of the Bitters, a medicine congenial to the frailest constitution, and derived from purely botanic sources, affords a reliable safeguard against malarial disease, and arrest it when developed. For disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, for general debility and renal inactivity, it is also a most efficient remedy. Appetite and sleep are improved by it, it expels rheumatic humors from the blood, and enriches a circulation impoverished by mal-assimilation.

Ballou's Magazine.

We have received the February number of this well known publication. One of the oldest monthlies in the country, now in its sixty-third volume. It appears to be constantly growing brighter with age, especially with its new dress and the best of paper. It gives a liberal instalment of that interesting SERIAL STORY for the Ladies, The Gilberts; or, A Double Mistake, together with a large and miscellaneous assortment of complete stories by the best authors for all members of the family. Making it essentially, as it claims to be, a FAMILY MAGAZINE Clean and Bright. Subscription price $1 50 per year, post paid.—G. W. STUDLEY, Publisher, Boston, Mass. Ballou's Magazine and CAMBRIA FREEMAN, one year for $2.70.

EXTRAORDINARY success everywhere. A sure cure for all kidney diseases in Hunt's Remedy.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses have been issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court since last week:

Jacob M. George and Margaret Jane Flammer, Summerhill, Croyle township.
Christopher Robina, Lilly borough, and Christina Kubritz, Franklin borough.
James S. Findley, East Conemaugh, and Amanda Schiber, Munster township.
Harry C. Pogue, Philadelphia, and Fannie E. Kennedy, Portage township.
William R. Hazlett, Pittsburg, and Ida M. Wilkinson, Pittsburg.
Andrew Weiss and Matilda Lutzig, Gallitzin borough.

New Advertisements.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

BY virtue of an alias order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria County, the undersigned will expose to sale at public vendue or outcry, on the premises, on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20th, 1886, at 1 o'clock, p. m.,

the following described real estate, of which Michael C. Bradley, died, seized, to-wit:

Two lots of ground situate in the borough of Lilly, county of Cambria, fronting on a street and extending back to an alley, adjoining lot of John Bradley on the north-east and school-house lot on the south-west, having thereon erected a two-story PLANK HOUSE and PLANK STABLE.

TERMS OF SALE.—Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid on day of sale; the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the mortgage and judgment bonds of the purchaser.

MICHAEL BRADLEY,
Executor of Michael C. Bradley, d'c'd.
Jan. 22, 1886.-3t.

FAMOUS SUMMER RESORT
—AT—
PUBLIC SALE.

THAT LARGE HOTEL, situated at Summitville, Cambria county, known as the SUMMIT HOUSE, which has been for years a favorite Summer Resort, will be offered at Public Sale, on the premises, on

Thursday, February 18, 1886,
AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.

This Hotel is about one mile from the famous Cresson Springs Hotel, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and is at the very summit of the Allegheny Mountains, convenient of access, with pure Mountain Air, and is and has been a favorite Summer Resort. A Large LOT OF GROUND, A STABLE and Outbuildings are included.

Persons proposing to purchase, on applying on the premises, will be cheerfully shown through the house and grounds.

TERMS.—One-fourth in hand; the balance in three equal annual payments, to be properly secured by judgment note of purchaser.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria County, the undersigned, Trustee to sell the Real Estate of John Smay, under proceedings in Partition, will expose to sale at public outcry, on the premises, on

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1886.
AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

The following described property, in Croyle township, Cambria county:

Bounded on the north by lands of Jacob Smay, and George Skelly, on the east by lands of Michael Skelly and Joseph Knepper, on the south by lands of Joseph Skelly and Charles Diamond, on the west by lands of Peter McClarren, containing

Eighty-Six Acres and One Hundred and Thirty-Nine Perches, More or Less.

TERMS OF SALE.—One half of the purchase money at the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in one year thereafter, with interest, the same to be secured by judgment note or by bond and mortgage, as the Trustee may elect.

JOHN ROBAUGH, Trustee.
Croyle township, Jan. 22, 1886. 3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the rule to show cause why an order of sale should not be granted to Samuel Clark, Executor of Sarah Hannah Brown, deceased, for the payment of debts.

Having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria County to investigate the facts of the case, to ascertain the amount of legal claims against said estate, and to report upon the expediency of granting the application, notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office on *Tuesday, February 16, 1886*, at TEN O'CLOCK, A. M., to discharge the duties of said appointment, at which time and place all persons interested may attend if they see proper.

M. D. KITTELL, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Pa., Jan. 29, 1886.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the first and final account of F. J. Parrish, Administrator, &c., of the Estate of Wm. O'Hefler, late of Gallitzin borough deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria County, Pa., to make distribution of the fund in the hands of said accountant, notice is hereby given that I will sit at Arbitration Room, in Court House, in Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., on *Wednesday, February 17, 1886*, at TEN O'CLOCK, A. M., of said day, to discharge the duties of my appointment, when and where all persons interested may attend, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

H. H. MYERS, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Pa., Jan. 29, 1886.-3t.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

The partnership of Asa H. Fiske and John H. Fiske, trading as A. H. Fiske & Co., at Fiske P. O., White township, Cambria county, Pa., has been dissolved by the death of said Asa H. Fiske. The business will be continued by John H. Fiske, at the same place, under the name and style of A. H. Fiske & Co. Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the old firm of A. H. Fiske & Co. to make payment without delay to the undersigned, and those having claims against said firm will present them to JOHN H. FISKE.

Fiske P. O., Cambria Co., Pa., Jan. 29, 1886.-3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Letters of Administration upon the estate of Asa H. Fiske, late of White township, Cambria county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN H. FISKE, Administrator,
Fiske P. O., Jan. 29, 1886.-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Dr. W. A. Barnett, dec'd.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Dr. W. A. Barnett, late of Croyle township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to the said estate to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same must present them properly authenticated for settlement.

J. T. LONG, Administrator.
Summerhill, Croyle Twp., Dec. 18, 1885.-6t.

FOR SALE.

Two valuable town lots, 100 by 200 feet, situate in Loretto, Pa., in a very desirable location for business, and having theron a good dwelling house, storeroom, stable and other outbuildings, together with a number of good bearing apple trees, well of good water and cistern, all of which are in good condition, will be sold at a very low figure. For terms, etc., apply on the premises, to JAMES O'DONNELL.

Loretto, Jan. 8, 1886.-tf

NOTICE.—Having sold out my store, in Ebensburg, and am retiring from the mercantile business, all persons indebted to me are hereby notified to call and settle without delay. All accounts remaining unsettled after the 10th of February next will be left with an officer for collection. M. L. OATMAN.

Ebensburg, Jan. 27, 1886.

WANTED—Ladies and gentlemen in city or country to take light work at their own homes. $3 to $4 a day can be easily made; work sent by mail; no canvassing. We have good demand for our work and furnish steady employment. Address, with stamp, CROWN MFG. COMPANY, 294 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

FOR SALE—STEAM ENGINES, CLAY AND Ore Pans, Boiler and Sheet-Iron Work. Second-hand engines and boilers on hand. Hoisting engines and machinery a specialty.—THOMAS CARLIN, Allegheny, Pa. (Jan. 22.-1y.)

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in building of T. J. Lloyd, dec'd, first floor, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. (10-14.-tf.)

M. D. KITTELL,
Attorney-at-Law
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office in Armory Building, opp. Court House.

JOHN E. SCANLAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Nov. 16, 1883. EBENSBURG, PA.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office on Centre street.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Lowest Rates for advertising in 962 good newspapers sent free. Address (Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

NEWSPAPER Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street, N. Y.

THE FREEMAN is a good paper in which to Advertise.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

PREPARE FOR SPRING!

BEAR IN MIND
THAT OUR
SPRING STOCK FOR CLOTHING
WILL BE COMPLETE BY
FEBRUARY 10th.

ALFRED E. GOETZ,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Eleventh Avenue - - - Altoona, Penn'a.

Hardware! Hardware!

IMPORTANT TO CITIZENS OF EBENSBURG AND VICINITY.

WE TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY OF INforming the people of Ebensburg and vicinity, that we have opened out in the Tudor building on High street, a new, large and complete stock of hardware of every description,

☞ MECHANICS' TOOLS, BUILDERS' HARDWARE,
☞ FARM IMPLEMENTS, FORKS, SPADES, BLAC
☞ SMITH TOOLS, HORSE SHOES, HARROW PINS
☞ NAILS OF ALL KINDS, BAR IRON and STEEL,
☞ HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS, RE-
☞ VOLVERS, CUTLERY, GUNS, SHELLS,
☞ CARTRIDGES, TWINES, CORDAGE, ETC.

Referring to the above, we respectfully ask the citizens of Ebensburg and surrounding country for a share of their patronage. We have been regularly trained in the hardware business, have bought our goods for cash and believe we can offer great inducements to those who desire to purchase.

E. DUFTON & SON.

EBENSBURG, April 3, 1885.

CARL RIVINIUS,

—PRACTICAL—
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
—AND DEALER IN—

Watches, Clocks,
—JEWELRY,—
Silverware, Musical Instruments
—AND—
Optical Goods.

Sole Agent
—FOR THE—
Celebrated Rockford
WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches
In Key and Stem Winders.

LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KINDS of JEWELRY always on hand.

☞ My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ ALL WORK GUARANTEED ☜
CARL RIVINIUS.
Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885 -tf.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

Items Which Will Prove of Interest to Our Readers.

An inch of rain-fall is equal to 14,500,000 gallons per square mile.

A garnet crystal weighing nine and a half pounds was recently found eight feet below the surface of a New York street.

An association at Bethlehem to engage in the manufacture of silk has raised $50,000 to engage in that important enterprise.

In a new process introduced at Frankfort, artificial lithographic stones are made by compressing finely powdered cement or carbonate of lime.

A young Wilkesbarre mechanic has been experimenting for some time, with prospect of success in producing an illuminant by the decomposition of water.

The singular report is made by two French experimenters that silicon, though unaffected by a temperature of 2,370 degrees F., volatilizes at 824 degrees.

The New Zealand Government is seeking to promote scientific mining by sending a competent lecturer to the various mining districts. The lectures are well attended.

The finest lines separable under the microscope, according to Mr. Crisp, of the Royal Microscopical Society, may be taken as 140,543 lines to the inch with white light, but the use of monochromatic light gives increase to 158,846 lines to the inch, and 193,037 may be photographically recorded.

Reports concerning the meteoric shower of November 27, 1885, place it in the front rank among such phenomena. At places favorable for observation about one meteor per second, or 3,600 per hour were observed. The appearance of the shower according to the prediction confirms the theory that a dense stream of meteoric matter is traveling in the orbit of the lost Biela's comet.

A new illuminating agent, which an eminent Russian chemist predicts will supersede kerosene, has been tried in St. Petersburg. It is called pyronaphtha, and is prepared from the waste product of the Baku distillery of petroleum. It burns with a bright light, without smoke or vapor and is not liable to take fire accidentally or to explode.

A notable feature in the climate of Southeastern India, according to Col. B. Brandl, of the London Geographical Society, is the frequent lightning storms which occur daily for two weeks together, before the setting in of the southwest monsoon, unaccompanied by rain or any sound of thunder. This curious phenomenon is most frequent in districts where the land and sea breezes alternate with much regularity.

From English mortality statistics extending over a considerable period, Dr. Wm. Ogle finds that the death rate among clergymen is lower than in any other occupation. If the mortality for the three years 1880, '82 and '83 among ministers be represented by 556, that among farmers will be denoted by 631, among lawyers by 841, and among physicians 1122. The high rate of mortality among the doctors is a source of alarm to an eminent authority, and is regardad as demanding the most thorough investigation.

A new American process for rapidly drying timber, hides, wool, grain, and other substances charged with moisture, has been attracting considerable attention in England. It is called the cool dry air process, and consists in passing through the chamber containing the moisture-laden material a continuous current of furnace-dried air having a temperature of between 80 and 90 degrees Fahrenheit. The moisture is absorbed by the air in so remarkable a manner that oak logs are reported to have been finished in nine days although natural drying would have required three or four years. The temperature is so moderate that delicate fibres, fabrics and chemicals are not injured.

In a late paper read before the Scotch Institution of Engineers, Mr. Peter Carmichael stated that all qualities of iron become hard and brittle after service in boilers for more than a dozen years, especially where exposed directly to the fire. In the furnaces even the best iron becomes as brittle as common iron in that time, and great care has to be taken in making repairs to prevent the plates from cracking. For this reason sixteen to seventeen years is long for a boiler to be in use, at a pressure of forty to forty-five pounds. If used longer the pressure ought to be lowered. In two boilers that had been in use nineteen years the rivets were so brittle that their heads flew off on being struck.

Perhaps no more remarkable additions to human knowledge have been made during the past twenty years than those pertaining to the ocean, whose dark abysses have become familiar regions. The physical features have been quite clearly determined, while most surprising and until recently unsuspected facts concerning the life forms of the depths have been revealed. The most extensive explorations were made by the British ship Challenger, which returned home in 1876 after three and a half years of investigation in all the oceans. By this famous expedition thousands of new organisms were discovered, in all localities and at all depths in the sea, and have been and are now being described by specialists in all parts of the world. There seems to be no part of the ocean bed so deep, so dark and so still, or where the pressure is so great as to have effectually raised a barrier to life in some of its many forms. Even in the greater depths all the great divisions of the animal kingdom are represented. Descending into the deeper waters and proceeding farthseaward from the borders of the continents, species and the number of individuals become fewer and fewer, till a minimum is reached farthest from continental land and in the greatest depths. In the adaptations of organisms to deep sea conditions curious modifications have occurred, such as the disappearance or enlargement of the eyes, the elongation of fins antennæ, the increase in size and decrease in the number of eggs, and the development of phosphorescent organs.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

If you wish to Farm for Profit, READ
"HOW THE FARM PAYS," 412 pages, $2.50
If you wish to Garden for Profit, READ
"GARDENING FOR PROFIT," 300 pages, $1.50
If you wish to become a Florist, READ
"PRACTICAL FLORICULTURE," 300 pages, $1.50
All By PETER HENDERSON.

Any of the above books mailed free on receipt of the price. Our Catalogue for 1886, of 140 pages, containing descriptions and illustrations of the newest, best, and rarest SEEDS and PLANTS, will be mailed on receipt of 6 cts. in stamps to cover postage.

Peter Henderson & Co. 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK.

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.
The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!
SYMPTOMS OF A
TORPID LIVER.
Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and CONSTIPATION.
TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

THE NEW CORSET.
THE TRICORA RELIEF
Sample Pair mailed free for $1.00
Price $1.00
Ask for it
"The most Durable, Comfortable, and Healthful Corset ever sold at this price."
Every pair warranted to give satisfaction or money returned.
J. G. FITZPATRICK & CO., Mfrs., 71 Leonard Street, NEW YORK.
Please mention this paper in ordering.

CLUBS
THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO
Give away as premiums to those forming clubs for the sale of their TEAS and COFFEES, Dinner, Tea and Toilet Ware, etc., etc. ELEGANT TEA SETS of 46 and 68 pieces with $10 and $12 orders. Decorated TEA SETS of 44 & 56 pieces with $15, $18 and $25 orders. HANDSOME WORKING SWISS WATCHES with $15 orders. GOLD BAND or Moss Rose Tea Sets of 44 pieces, or White Dinner Sets of 112 pieces, with $20 orders. Send us your address and mention this paper; we will mail you our Club Book containing complete Premium & Price List. THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO. $10 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

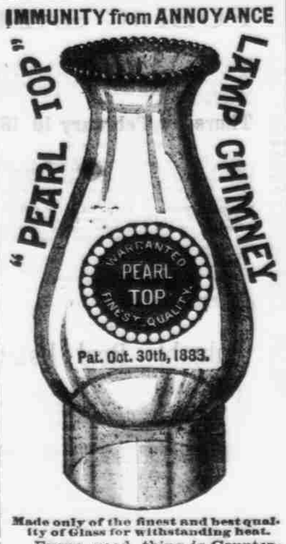
ANAKESIS.
PILES
"ANAKESIS" gives instant Relief and is a POSITIVE CURE for PILES. "ANAKESIS" is sold by Druggists everywhere. Price, $1.00 per box, FOR PAIN, by mail, Pamphlet sent FREE by F. KYNETT & CO., 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Manufr. of "ANAKESIS."

PENNYROYAL PILLS
"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."
The Original and Only Genuine.
Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask for "Chichester's English," and take no other, or inclose 4c. (stamps) in letter by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 1914 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
At Druggists. Trade supplied by Keller & Shoemaker, Philadelphia, Pa.

SALESMEN WANTED to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock! Steady employment guaranteed! SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age. (Refer to this paper.) CHASE BROTHERS, Rochester, N. Y.

CARDS.
THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENTS REPRESENT GOOD AND RELIABLE FIRMS. PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN ANSWERING THEM.
1886 SAMPLE PACK OF 50 DIFFERENT STYLES OF CARDS, with your name neatly printed on each Ten Cents.
ILLUSTRATED PRICE AND PREMIUM LISTS With full instructions to agents whereby you can make FORTY PER CENT. mailed with each pack. Get two friends to send with you and you will be presented with a Handsome Album free. A DUPLEX, Wallingford, Ct.
This is an old established Card House and they are noted for their promptness and elegant cards.
YOUR NAME Finely Printed on 30 Silk Fringed, Hidden Name, Reward-cards and Lovely Floral Motto Cards, Scrap pictures, etc. One elegant bouquet, containing 500 Autograph Album, and 1 beautiful Celluloid Ring and Pencil, post paid, for 11 two-cent stamps. Address, ACME CARD FACTORY, Centerville, Conn.
We refer to the publishers of this paper for our responsibility.
50 BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN BEAUTY CHROMO CARDS, with HIDDEN NAME. One FINE GOLD STONE RING to set the pocket quite, only 15 cents. NATIONAL CARD CO., N. Branford, Conn.
YOUR name on 50 new Chromo cards, in gold and silver, 10c. Clinton & Co., No. Haven, Ct.
15 Hidden Name Cards, Ag'ts Sample Book and Pocket Memorandum or order book with your name in gold on cover, all for 10 cents. Stone Card Works, Northford, Ct.
CARDS SAMPLE PACK Beveled Edge Gilt Scrap Concealed name Cards, 4 cts. STAR CARD CO., Chittenville, Conn.
JUST THINK 30 Concealed Name and Souvenir Cards, Autor Album, Pic'ts Scraps, Ag'ts Terms New Samples & Present, 2c. E. F. Eaton, Northford, Conn.
50 CHROMO OR 25 ALL HIDDEN NAME CARDS, with name on 10c. Samples and Terms 4c. Crescent Printing Co., Northford, Ct.
15 CONCEALED NAME CARDS, AUTOGRAPH ALBUM and New Samples 10c. Sample Book with outfit, 2c. WORTHINGTON & CO., New Haven, Ct.
HUNTING CASE WATCH FREE TO AGENTS. Full particulars and canvassing outfit of HIDDEN NAME cards for 2 c. stamp. ROYAL CARD CO., Northford, Conn.
50 All Hidden Name Golden Beauties 10c. Ag'ts samples 4c. Card Works, North Branford, Ct.
50 CHROMO new styles & 25 Hidden Name Beauties, and this 10k. Solid Rolled Gold Ring and agents samples, 10 2 cent stamps. 3 packs of either and 2 rings 50 cts. Add. S. S. Foote, Northford, Conn.
FIRE BRAND MATCH

IMMUNITY from ANNOYANCE



Made only of the finest and best quality of Glass for withstanding heat.
Every good thing is Counterfeited, and consumers are CAUTIONED against IMITATIONS of these Chimneys made of VERY POOR GLASS. See that the exact label is on each chimney as above. The Pearl Top is always clear and bright Glass.
Manufactured ONLY by
GEO. A. MACBETH & CO.
Pittsburgh Lead Glass Works.
FOR SALE BY DEALERS.

THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia at the Newspaper Advertising Agency of Messrs. N. W. AYER & SON, our authorized agents.

LOOK LIKE A MAN.

BIRMINGHAM.

The Founding and Development of the Magic City of the South.

Birmingham, the magic city of the South, was incorporated December 19, 1871, and is beautifully situated in Jones' Valley, Jones county, Ala., and is the county seat at present. The former capital town of Jefferson county was Elyton, distant about two miles, now a suburb of the city, containg a number of fine residences. James R. Powell, T. R. Miller and Samuel Tait were the original promoters and founders of the new city. They saw their chance to make a fortune, and had the nerve and means to go in and win by buying up the lands about the time the South and North Alabama and Chattanooga roads were being built through this then wild and comparatively unknown section, for, until then, little if anything was known of the vast mineral wealth here deposited.

The gentlemen previously named, after a careful survey of the lands, for the purpose of ascertaining beyond doubt the extent, quality, &c., of the coal, iron and limestone, were fully assured of the almost inexhaustible quantity and of the superior quality of the same. Immediately they set about forming a company or syndicate for the purpose of developing the lands and bringing into market these rich deposits that had lain hidden for unknown ages. A location for a city was carefully and judiciously selected, surveyed, and as our friend "Boss" Shepherd would say, laid out in a comprehensive plan with an eye of faith to the future greatness of the embryo city. The reports at first were doubtfully received, so incredible they seemed. It was hard for the staid old iron masters of Pennsylvania and other mineral regions to believe that such vast deposits of minerals could exist in the South, and that it could remain here or elsewhere for so long undiscovered. Shrewd and enterprsing iron men and capitalists from New Castle, Pa., and Wheeling, W. Va., came on to see for themselves, and were convinced of the truthfulness of the statements made. They purchased lands and erected mills, furnaces, &c. The result has been marvellous. The taxable property in the city of Birmingham in 1883 was $2,682,909, and in 1884 it had increased to $3,302,136. The city is lighted with a superior gas manufactured from coal procured in the immediate vicinity. Water of a good quality is furnished by a clear stream that flows near by. A paid fire department is maintained, while the police and sanitary are all that could be desired. The city boasts of a pretty opera house, capable of seating 1,260 persons, one of the best arranged places of amusement in the South.—*Birmingham Cor. of the Washington Star.*

About Women.

Women always show by their actions that they enjoy going to church; men are less demonstrative.

When a woman becomes flurried she feels for a fan; when a man becomes flurried he feels for a cigar.

Women jump at conclusions and generally hit; men reason things out logically and generally miss it.

Some women can't pass a millinery store without looking in; some men can't pass a saloon without going in.

A woman never sees a baby without wanting to run to it; a man never sees a baby without wanting to run away from it.

Women love admiration, approbation, self-immolation on the part of others; are often weak, vain and frivolous. Ditto men.

A woman always carries her purse in her hand so that other women can see it; a man carries his inside pocket so his wife can't see it.

"I Have Suffered!"

With every disease imaginable for the last three years. Our
Druggist, T. J. Anderson, recommending "Hop Bitters" to me,
I used two bottles!
Am entirely cured, and heartily recommend Hop Bitters to every one. J. D. Walker, Buckner, Mo.

I write this as a
Token of the great appreciation I have of your Hop
* * * Bitters. I was afflicted
With inflammatory rheumatism!!!
For nearly
Seven years, and no medicine seemed to do me any
Good!!!
Until I tried two bottles of your Hop Bitters, and to my surprise I am as well today as ever I was. I hope
"You may have abundant success"
"In this great and"
Valuable medicine:
Anyone! * * * wishing to know more about my cure?
Can learn by addressing me, E. M. Williams, 1103 16th street, Washington, D. C.

—I consider your
Remedy the best remedy in existence
For Indigestion, Kidney
—*Complaint*
"And nervous debility. I have just"
Returned
"From the south in a fruitless search for health, and find that your Bitters are doing me more
Good!
Than anything else;
A month ago I was extremely
"Emaciated!!!"
And scarcely able to walk. Now I am
Gaining strength! and
"Flesh!"
And hardly a day passes but what I am * * * * * * * *
complimented on my improved appearance, and it is all due to Hop
Bitters! J. Wickliffe Jackson,
—*Wilmington, Del.*

***None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name

INCORPORATED IN 1857.
STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.
PROTECTION MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY
OF EBENSBURG, PA.
Premium Notes now in force - $160,000
Only 7 Assessments in 28 Years.
Good FARM PROPERTIES
ESPECIALLY DESIRED.
NO STEAM RISKS TAKEN.
GEO. M. READE, President.
T. W. DICK, Secretary.
Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1881.-1y.

NEWSPAPER Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street, N. Y.

MEDICINE-TAKING.

The Danger of Taking Too Many Poisonous Compounds.

Since there is a special tendency in most communities to take too much medicine, and to take it recklessly, it has not been the object to incease that tendency. While the use and value of drugs are not to be denied, it is claimed that no ignorant person should ever dabble with them, remembering that the more active of them are active because they are poisons, or at least modifications of poisons, and if given injudiciously when not needed, or in too large doses, the poison element will appear. And here it is proper to refer to that absurd idea that disease is a monster, to be slain by the administration of active poisons—killed like any other monster, a tiger to be subjugated. On the contrary, disease is but the absence of ease and health, a negative rather than a positive condition, the removal of which depends mainly on co-operating with nature, whose efforts are always in the right direction, though not always effectual.

All of these, in a certain sense, may be regarded as curative, though failure often results, either from the lack of sufficient physical foundation, from surrounding adverse circumstances or from an interference on the part of those who would cure, but who, on account of ignorance or false ideas, introduce discord and false efforts. It may be that such, foolishly believing that the more critical and dangerous the case, even when much reduced in vital force, the more powerful the dose demanded, act on this principle, and give the the dose that might be safe in ordinary cases, to persons of the same age and sex, exercising no discrimination, no judgment. Such should remember that those weak in body are also weak in the stomach, as certainly unable to bear large doses as they are to perform hard labor. I have seen many an adult to whom I would give no more than a strong boy slightly ailing could bear at the age of four years. And when such are dosed with no regard to their weakness the sudden death is attributed to "heart disease," while the intelligent know that but a very small percentage of the sudden deaths are caused by organic diseases of the heart. It is also believed that prevention is better, easier, safer and cheaper than cure.—*Dr. Hanaford, in Golden Rule.*

Housewife's Scrap Book.

Stain on cups and saucers may be removed by rubbing with ashes.

If the oven is too hot when baking place a small dish of cold water in it.

When sponge cake becomes dry it is nice to cut in thin slices and toast.

To remove mildew, soak in buttermilk and spread on the grass in the sun.

To prevent mustard plaster from blistering, mix it with the white of an egg.

Never put salt into soup when cooking till it has been thoroughly skimmed, as the salt prevents the skum from rising.

When the burners of lamps become clogged with char, put them in a strong soap suds and boil awhile to clean them.

Boiled starch can be much improved by the addition of a little sperm or a little salt, or both, or a little dissolved gum arabic.

To brighten the inside of a coffee or tea pot, fill with water, add a small piece of soap, and let it boil about forty-five minutes.

If matting, counterpanes, or bedspreads have oil spots on them, wet with alcohol, rub with hard soap, and then rinse with clear, cold water.

Helpless Upon a Friendless Sea!

Who, in taking passage in a great trans-Atlantic steamer, does not feel a thrill of exultation over her magnificent power. Against her the Storm King may hurl his elemental forces, nor pierce her armor, nor stop her onward course.

But let me describe a scene when, one morning in mid-ocean, there came an alarm from the pilot house followed by a cry: "The ship's rudder is lost!" From the confident expression, consternation came to every face. The wheelman being helpless to direct her course, the vessel was at the mercy of wind and wave.

The captain had been negligent—the hangings of the rudder were allowed to wear weak, and suddenly it had dropped deep into the sea!

Strong in intellect, in physical vigor, in energy and ambition, he confronts, undaunted, gigantic [illegible] and commands applause for his [illegible] expedients. But, all unconsciously, an alarm come—the rudder of his constitution is gone. He has been careless of its preservation; mental strain, [illegible] achievements, irregular habits, overwork, have destroyed the action of his kidneys and liver. This would not occur were Warner's safe cure used to maintain vigor. And even now it may restore vitality to those organs and give back to the man that which will lead him to the haven of his ambition.—*The Traveller.*

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

ELY'S
CATARRH
Cream Balm
Cleanses the Head. Allays Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste & Smell. A Quick & Positive Cure.
HAY-FEVER
A particle is applied in each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price, 50 cts. by mail or at Druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.
May 1, 1884.-6.

EVERY ONE Who Owns a WAGON Wants A RUBBER COLDING CANOPY TOP. Folds up like an umbrella. Weighs less than 12 lbs. Can be taken off or put on in 3 minutes. Made in sizes to fit business wagons, pleasure wagons and buggies. Send for illustrated circular and price list. Agents wanted everywhere. State where you saw this. D. G. BEERS & CO., Patentees and Manufrs. Sandy Hook, Conn.

SELWYN HALL READING, PENN.
A thorough preparatory school for Boys. Conducted upon the Military plan. For circulars address L. C. BISHOP, Head Master, Reading, Pa.

"Rough on Rats."

clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs.

Heart Pains.

Palpitation, dropsical swellings, dizziness, indigestion, headache, sleeplessness cured by Wells' Health Renewer.

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Buchu-Paiba."

Quick, complete cure, all kidney, bladder and urinary diseases, scalding, irritation, stone, gravel, catarrh of the bladder. $1, druggists.

Bed-Bugs, Flies.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

Thin People

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, sexual debility. $1.

"Rough on Pain."

Cures cholera, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. 25c. Rough on Pain Plasters, 15c.

Mothers.

If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Well's Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

Life Preserver.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

"Rough on Piles."

Cures piles or hemorrhoids, itching, protruding, bleeding, internal or other. Internal and external remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.

Pretty Women.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Well's Health Renewer."

"Rough on Itch."

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

"Rough on Catarrh."

Corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic, also unequaled as gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c.

The Hope of the Nation.

Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate use "Wells' Health Renewer."

Catarrh of the Bladder.

Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all kidney and urinary complaints cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

"Water Bugs, Roaches."

"Rough on Rats" clears them out, also beetles ants.

1886. 1886.

THE PITTSBURGH
WEEKLY POST

The Only Democratic Paper in Pittsburg,

At the Low Rate of $1 a Year, in Clubs of Five or Over.

All News of the Week and a Great Variety of Miscellany.

Complete Market Reports from all Points —Cattle Markets a Specialty

Read Carefully:

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MARKETS—Careful reports of the Pittsburgh, Foreign and other markets; live stock quotations; the wool growers' interests; money and stock markets, at home and abroad.
CORRESPONDENCE—Interesting and sprightly letters from special correspondents in Paris, New York, Washington, the South and the West.
In short, in the eight pages and fifty-six columns of THE WEEKLY POST will be found that careful variety of reading that interests the man of business, the farmer, the politician, the student, and pre-eminently the family and household circle.
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In Clubs of Five or Over, $1 per year, post-paid.
An extra copy free to every club of ten.
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THE WEEKLY PATRIOT

Harrisburg, Pa.

The leading Democratic paper in the State. Full of interesting news, and miscellaneous and political reading.

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THE PATRIOT and New York weekly *World* one year for one dollar and fifty cents.
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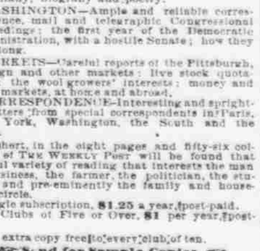

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Ebensburg, October 24, 1884.

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A. W. Brown, M.D., of Providence, R. I., says: "I have used HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY in my practice for the past sixteen years, and cheerfully recommend it as being a *safe and reliable remedy.*"

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It is a purely Vegetable Preparation, made from the native herbs and roots of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol.
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For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, the Bitters have no equal. In fact, in all constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS has shown its great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.
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Pin, Tape and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like VINEGAR BITTERS.
Measles, Scarlet Fever, Mumps, Whooping Cough, and all children's diseases may be made less severe by keeping the bowels open with mild doses of the Bitters.
For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, this Bitters has no equal.
Cleanse the Vitiated Blood when its impurities burst through the skin in Eruptions or Sores, cleanse it when obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when, and the health of the system will follow.
In conclusion, I Give the Bitters a trial. It will speak for itself. One bottle is a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.
Around each bottle are full directions printed in different languages.
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AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

Items Relating to Farm, Live Stock, Orchard, Garden and Lawn.

Get around the catalogues.

Grind oats and corn together.

Sow golden feather seed now.

Don't tear the new turned leaf.

A poor garden is really expensive.

Ferns love coolness and moisture.

Floral horseshoes are out of fashion.

Are the cellars secure against frosts?

Try some of the Johnson grass this year.

For a second early pea the Stratagem is the best.

The self-blanching celery has been over praised.

Good corn fodder is better than good hay for milch cows.

Salt the cattle regularly this year—say every Monday morning.

How smooth the agents talk; farmers, beware of these oily-tongued fellows.

The Russian mulberry don't amount to much unless it may suit the silk worm.

Again we advise farmers to be particularly careful of their stock during this severe winter weather.

They have great soil in Montana for potatoes; a perfect specimen of the Farly Rose that weighed 4¼ pounds was recently grown there.

Most kinds of fruit trees produce their crop from spurs one or two inches in length, which grew from well established branches.

In cold weather cattle will often suffer injuriously from thirst, rather than go some distance to the water. See to it that this does not occur, even if driving them to drink is necessary.

Observe your horse when he is drinking at a brook, is an Arab mannerism in bringing down his head he remains square without bending his limbs he possesses sterling qualities and all parts of his body are built symmetrically.

The color of wild flowers varies somewhat with the latitude. It has been noticed, for instance, that